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MAD

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Youth is like money—it's only after it's gone that you finally realize how you should have spent it!

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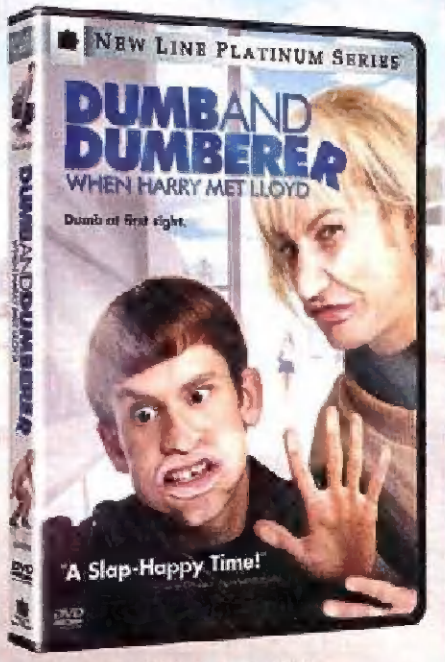
DO THE "DUMB" THING!



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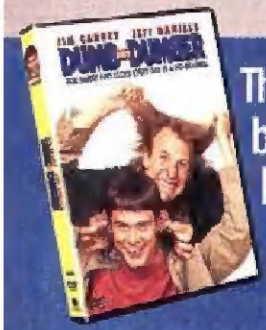

The Sequel before the Prequel!

PG-13

DEPARTMENT OF TOMATOES AND LETTERS

HOCUS BOCKAS

Thanks a lot for putting my commentary in your "Big Zach Wacker" area of your Letters Page in MAD #433. That was really cool, although you spelled my last name wrong. It's B-O-C-K-A-S, not B-R-O-K-A-S.

James Bockas, North Ogden, UT

Dear Mr. Blocas — We sincerely apologize for the error. It won't happen again. —Ed.

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I have a dumb wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. Can you make fun of my last name? People have been for a long time. My last name is Phillips, so I get screwdriver, gas station and electronics jokes. So please pick on me. Most people suck at it. I want the masters to pick on me.

Samantha Phillips, Ruffin, NC

Sammy Doodle — Funny, when we think of the name Phillips we think of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. You know, that white, chalky liquid you chug when you really need to poop, but you just can't? Like when your heart says yes, but your bowels say no! We hope you're happy now because from this day forward, whenever a MAD reader is trying to grunt out a deuce, the name on their trembling lips will be none other than Samantha Phillips! Congrats! —Ed.

PUBERTEASE

I was reading "The 50 Worst Things About Movies" (MAD #432). When I got to #44 it said that the *Harry Potter* cast would eventually hit puberty and nobody can stop it. So I looked at the picture and I saw Hermione during puberty and I was deeply disturbed. I think it was the fact that her skirt was so short, but maybe it was something else.

Elana Glowatz, New York, NY

Glo Worm — We know exactly what you mean. But more than Hermione (actress Emma Watson) hitting puberty, we were disturbed by Macaulay Culkin. Have you *seen* that clown lately (Especially in the movie *Party Monster!*)? He's a freakin' freakazoid! And while we're at it, Amanda Bynes ain't looking as cute as she used to, either. You don't have to stretch your imagination too far to realize she's just a few years away from being the female Gary Coleman (Whatchoo talkin' 'bout, Ed?). You know exactly what we're talking about! —Ed.

The Big Easel

I recently spent a year in Australia and rescued this kid-sized version of a cricket bat from an ignominious end as a piece of firewood. I rolled up the proverbial sleeves and stripped, patched and sanded the bat until it looked brand new. I was stumped as to what design to decorate it with, but Alfred E. Neuman's grinning idiotic countenance caught my eye at the nearest magazine rack and I thought, now there's a face almost begging to be hit by a ball. I hope you enjoyed my woodworking endeavor and now it's time for me to go get a life.

Chris Thompson, Lexington Park, MD

As they say in the World of Cricket, Chris: "*Bango*"! —Ed.

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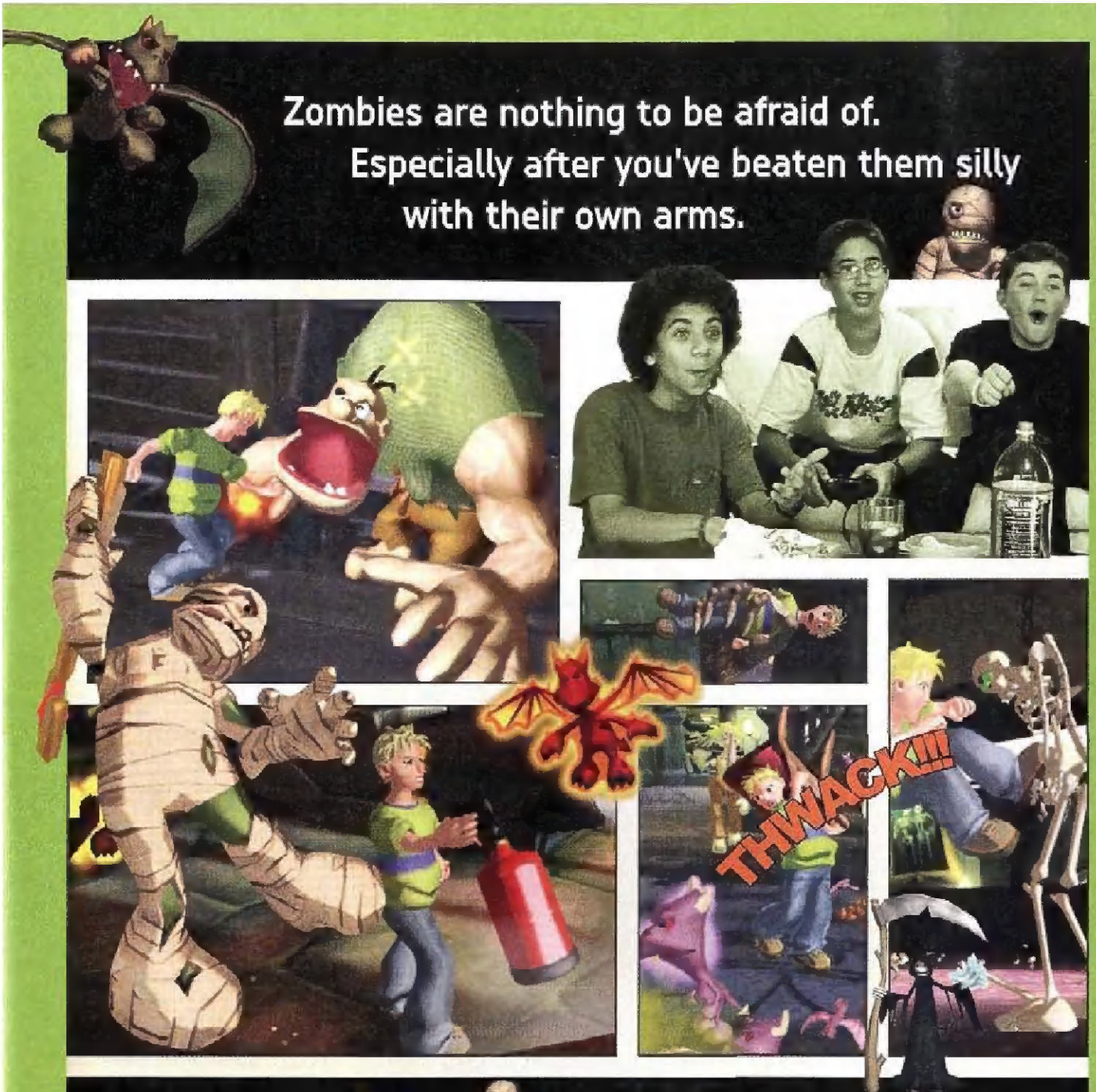

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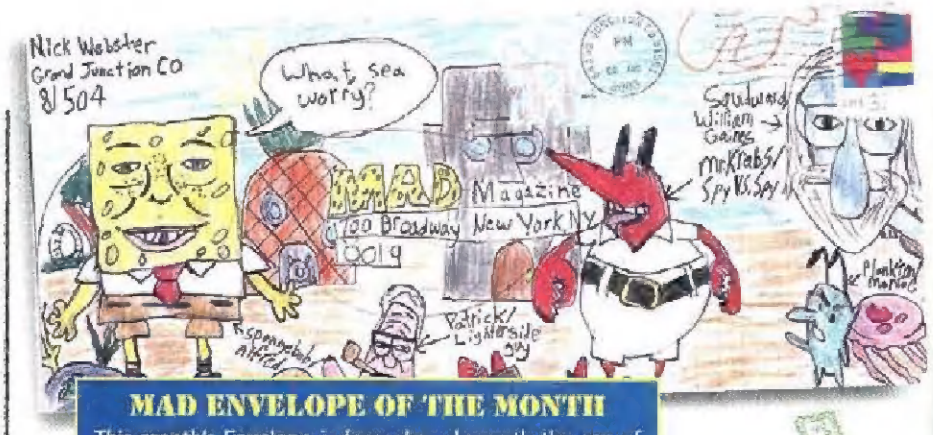
WHERE THERE'S A WOOL, THERE'S A WAY

I must wonder if in MAD #433 in the ad for Shear Toilet Tissue ("Cents-Less Coupons") that removes unwanted hair, if the sheep mascot had Scarpie?

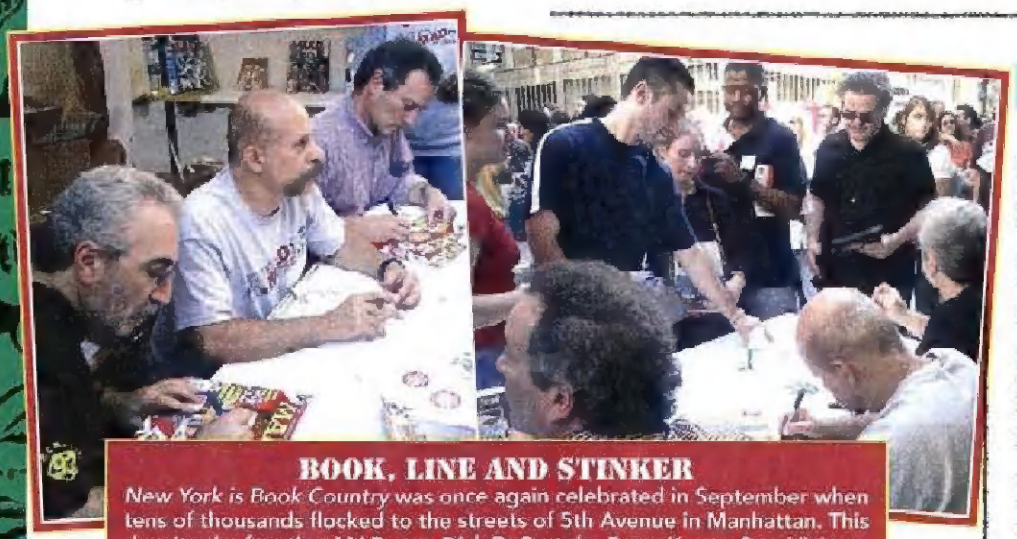
Thomas Giesberg, Rosharon, TX

G Spot — Your knowledge of sheep and Scarpie (for you morons, Scarpie is the usually fatal, spongiform encephalopathy of sheep that is caused by a prion and is characterized by twitching, intense itching, excessive thirst, emaciation, weakness and finally, paralysis) is very impressive. Some might say a bit *too* impressive. In fact, some might say it hints at an *intimate* knowledge of sheep. *Baaango*, Tommy! —Ed.



MAD ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

This month's Envelope is from deep beneath the sea of Bikini Bottom. Nick Webster of Grand Junction, CO morphed SpongeBob SquarePants characters with MAD's own cast of characters. Wish we had thought of that!



BOOK, LINE AND STINKER

New York is Book Country was once again celebrated in September when tens of thousands flocked to the streets of 5th Avenue in Manhattan. This despite the fact that MAD men Dick DeBartolo, Peter Kuper, Sam Viviano, John Ficarra and Drew Friedman were at the MAD booth autographing the latest issue. In case you missed the fair, it's a pretty good bet you can buy the signed copies on eBay. Hint to readers: BID LOW!!

A PAIN IN THE CLASS

I took your April issue to school one day (It has Alfred wearing nothing but NASCAR stickers on his body) and showed it to some kids. BIG mistake! While I was in Social Studies, I got called down to the office and they confiscated the magazine and called my mom and said "Hello, Mrs. Clover? We recently confiscated a magazine from your son that included partial nudity, bad language and a couple having sex." My mom thought I had snuck a porno magazine to school! The school said they would either return the book to the library or my mom would have to pick it up (they wouldn't allow that "filth" on the bus). And as if confiscating it wasn't enough, they put it in an envelope!

Luke Clover, Hartland, MI

Four Leaf Clover — It's sad to say, but MAD has had a long and tortured relationship with teachers and school administrators who take it as their personal mission to deprive students of laughter, social criticism, parody, satire and garbage. "The young minds aren't ready for it," they say, "Let's keep them in dark. If they begin to question authority then our sweet little pensioned, tenured, ten-month a year (Plus Christmas and assorted other holidays!) gig could crumble. MAD is dangerous, a loose cannon!" We have a message for all school administrators: they can kiss our ever-loving *Bango!* Have you had a MAD-related run-in with a teacher or administrator? Drop us a line and tell us about it. We'll print the most horrifying accounts on an upcoming Letters Page. Send the stories to: Amy "The Big Teacher's Pet" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

MAD: THE GRIN REAPER

With reference to "8 Simple Rules for Writing a MAD Spoof of a Dopey ABC-TV Sitcom," please allow me to submit one more: Rule Number Nine — Pick a sitcom whose star is old and decrepit. That way, when he dies suddenly just as your spoof hits the newsstand, at least it won't be entirely unexpected! For what it's worth, I bet Ritter would have loved it!

Steve Haller, Oak Park, MI

It's got to be tough to keep MAD up to date with current fads, but extra sad when untimely tragedies occur. Your October issue contains material about John Ritter and Johnny Cash just days after their passing. I'm sure they are sharing their MAD coverage with Tex and June, respectively and respectfully.

Gene Phillip, Great Falls, VA

Loved your *8 Simple Rules* parody in MAD #434. Best tribute to John Ritter I've read. He would have loved it!

Henry Finkelstein, Brooklyn, NY

In comedy, timing is everything. What are the odds that you would mention both John Ritter and Johnny Cash in the same issue that hit the stands at the very time that both of these celebrities died? A spooky curse? Or mere coincidence? Who knows, but I'm just glad MY name isn't appearing in your magazine!

David Tiklin, Los Angeles, CA

Rin Tik Tin — Now that we published your letter, may we gently suggest you get your affairs in order! — Ed.

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MAD'S BREAKING NEWS™

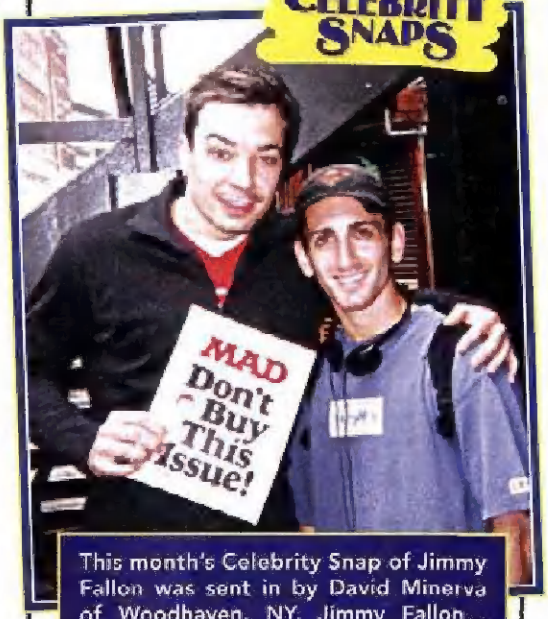
I'm pushing 53 years of age and have not been able to tell my mother I still read MAD. Can you break the news to her gently?

Robert Fletcher, South Lake Tahoe, CA

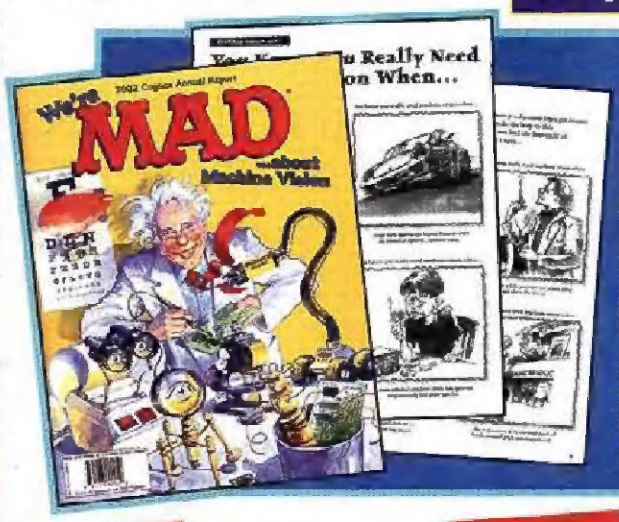
Sorry, Fletch, but being a long-time old MAD reader is not big enough news. But here's some other news about you that we feel obligated to pass on to your poor, beleaguered, saintly mother: You have an unusual way of playing with cats. You secretly yearn to be invited to one of her friends' Tupperware parties. There is no "Canadian girlfriend." If forced to choose, you prefer ointment over cream, salve or balm. You've always thought about Samantha Phillips when grunting out a deuce! Thanks for writing! —Ed.

P.S. to our readers: if there is an outlandish request or horribly bad news you want MAD to ask or tell your parents on the Letters Page, send it to: MAD Magazine's **BREAKING NEWS™**, c/o Amy "The Big Breaker," 1700 Broadway, 5th Floor, New York, NY 10019!

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



This month's Celebrity Snap of Jimmy Fallon was sent in by David Minerva of Woodhaven, NY. Jimmy Fallon... hmmm...Sorry Dave, but with no Tina Fey, no Bango for you! Thanks for the Snap!



ANNUAL DISTORT

Cognex CEO Robert Shillman is a huge fan of MAD, so he designed this year's annual report of Cognex to parody an issue of MAD. Cognex is a maker of supermarket scanners and other electronic "vision" machines. We're laughing already! Among the features were "One Day on the Assembly Line," "You Know You Really Need Machine Vision When..." and "Eye Vs. Eye." We have one word for Cognex investors: SELL!!!!

NEXT MONTH IN MAD

THE MAD 20: THE DUMBEST PEOPLE, EVENTS AND THINGS OF 2003!

NEXT MONTH IN MAD XL #25

MADONNA, ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER AND ARTIST OF THE ISSUE: BILL WRAY!

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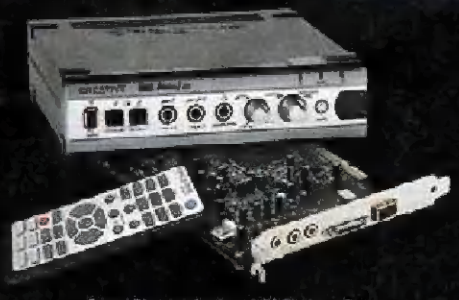

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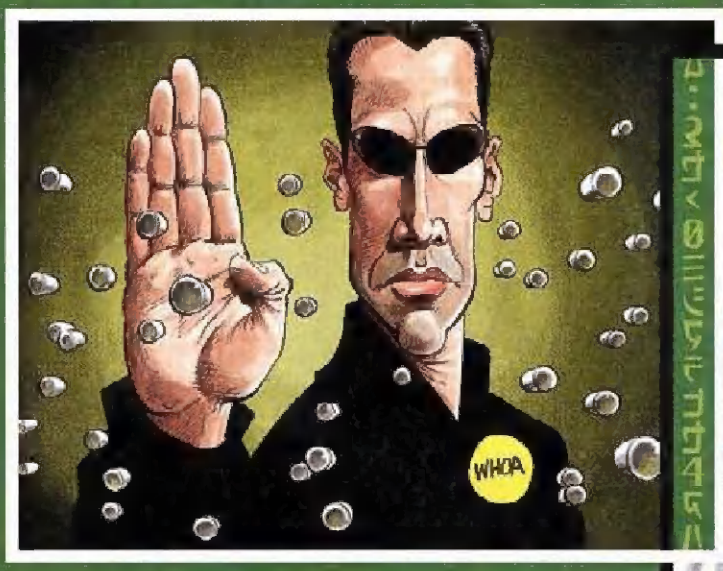
PARALLEL BARBS DEPT.

IS OUR WORLD REALLY ALL THAT DIFFERENT FROM THE MATRIX?

Have you ever had a dream, readers, that you were so sure was real? What if you were unable to wake from that dream? How would you know the difference between the dream world and the real world? These were all questions posed by the original *Matrix* movie, and, while suffering through the nightmare of *The Matrix Reloaded*, we got to thinking about the eerie parallels between these fictional movies and "real" life as we've come to accept it. And so we shudder a little as we ask...

IN THE MATRIX...



Neo can't be harmed by bullets.

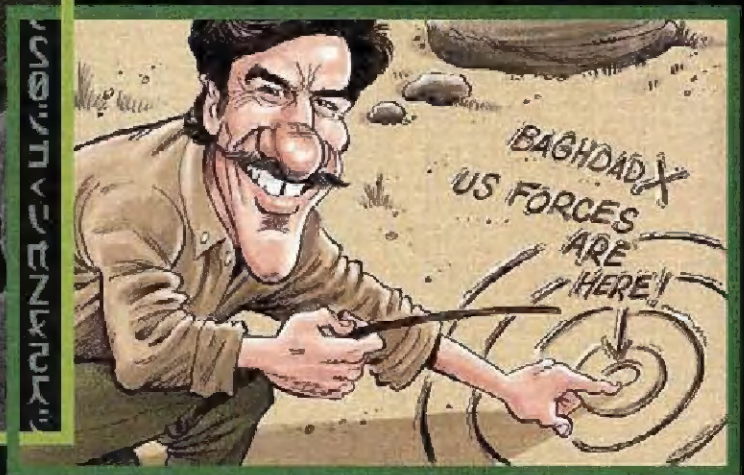
IN OUR WORLD...

50 Cent was shot nine times and seems equally unfazed.

IN THE MATRIX...

Betraying the location of the freedom fighters can lead to dire consequences.

IN OUR WORLD...



Geraldo was kicked out of Iraq.

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IN THE MATRIX...

Taking a red pill gives a person a whole new outlook on life.

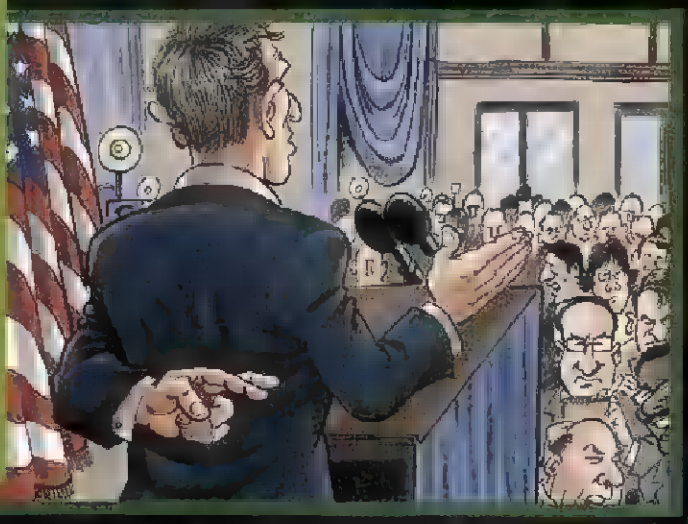
IN OUR WORLD...

It's the blue pill that does this.

IN THE MATRIX...

The Oracle provides information that is confusing and difficult to trust.

IN OUR WORLD...

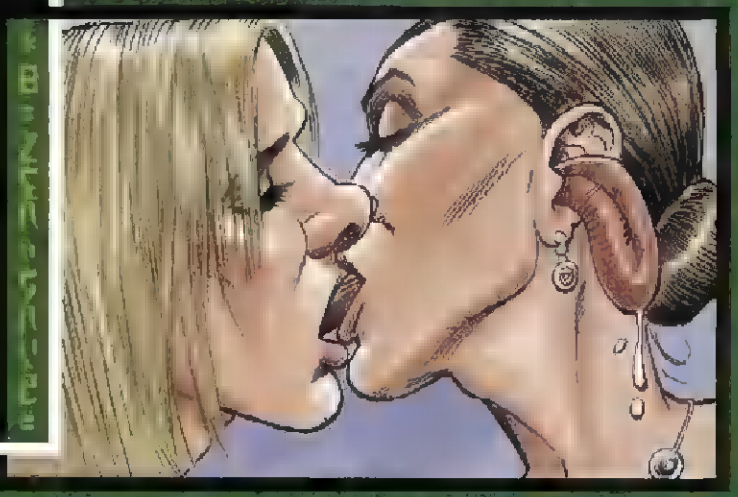


The Bush Administration handles that.

IN THE MATRIX...

Neo is tempted by a kiss with the luscious Persephone.

IN OUR WORLD...



Madonna was tempted by the publicity that would

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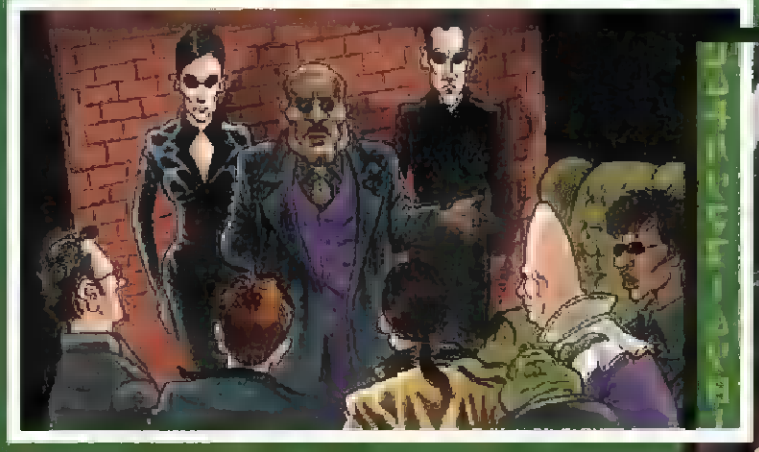
IN THE MATRIX...



Morpheus... unwavering in his belief that Neo is "The One."

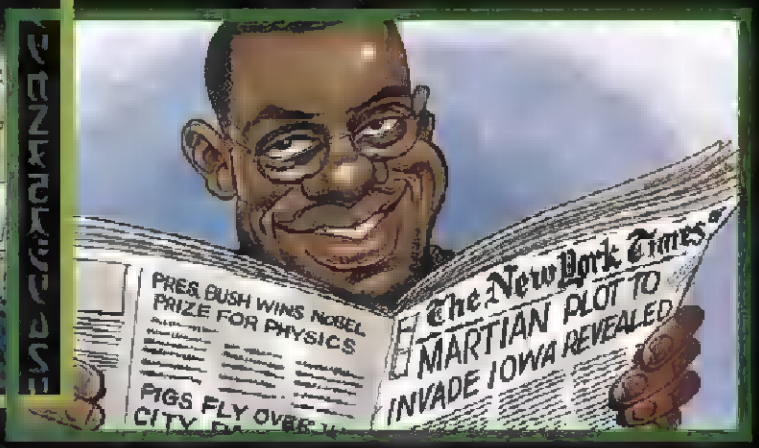
IN OUR WORLD...

Joe Millionaire told that Zora chick she was "The One"... but then they broke up.

IN THE MATRIX...

Completely fabricated events are passed off as real.

IN OUR WORLD...



The New York Times does pretty much the same thing.

IN THE MATRIX...

Two look-alike brothers are villains who stop at nothing to get what they want.

IN OUR WORLD...

We have Uday and Qusay, who...er, never mind.

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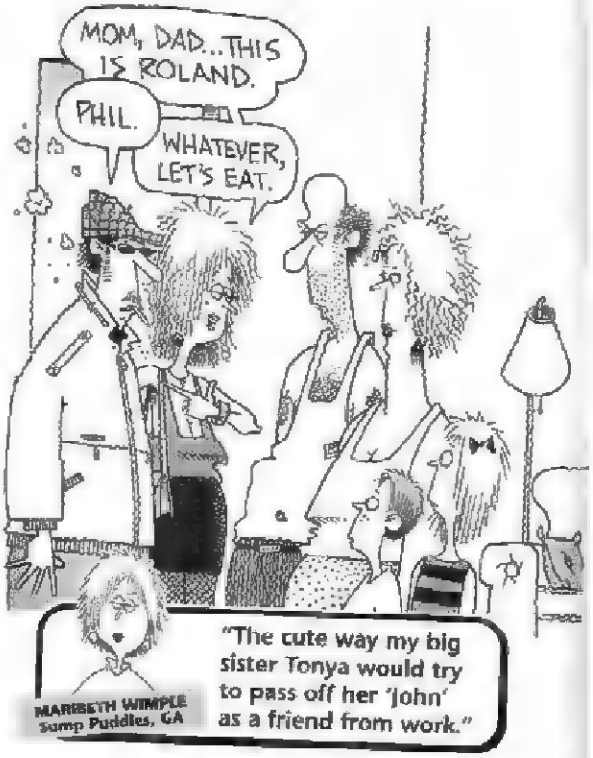
Ah, Thanksgiving — Bowl games! Pumpkin pie! Turkey! Uncle Skeet keeping the cops at bay with an electric carving knife! Well, maybe not everyone has the same memories of the holiday... However, you'll really have something to be thankful about if you can't relate as...

MAD Readers Fondly Remember Their

Favorite Dysfunctional Family Thanksgiving Moments

as compiled by JOHN CALDWELL

...AND IF UNCLE CLIFFORD IS RELEASED IN TIME, WE CAN PUT HIM NEXT TO COUSIN RON. BUT ONLY IF AUNT DEBBIE IS THREE CHAIRS AWAY FROM BOBBY'S "UNCLE" CALVIN. THEN COUSIN HANK CAN SIT TEN FEET FROM AUNT SHARON....NOW, FATHER WISNEWSKI IS ANOTHER PROBLEM....
HARRY NERTZ
Nepal, FL
"Working on seating arrangements while keeping all the restraining orders in mind."


MOM, DAD...THIS IS ROLAND.
PHIL.
WHATEVER, LET'S EAT.
MARIBETH WIMPLE
Sump Puddles, GA
"The cute way my big sister Tonya would try to pass off her 'john' as a friend from work."

FWAAAAK!
BUDDY RAY "MUD" SPIGGOTT
Spork County, NC
"The funny way Uncle Vernon would put black olives on his fingertips before pasting Cousin Wayne."

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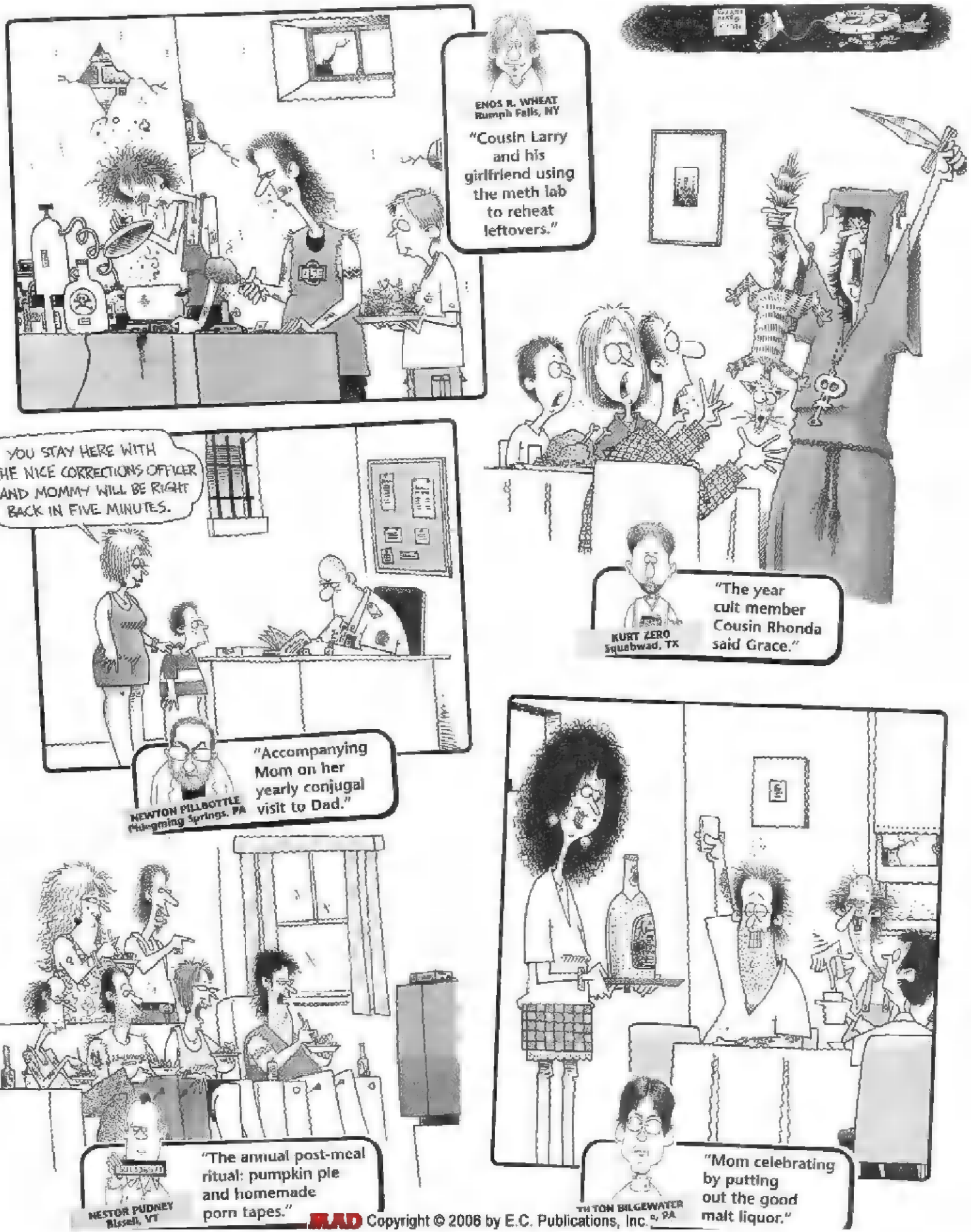
ENOS R. WHEAT
Rumph Falls, NY
"Cousin Larry and his girlfriend using the meth lab to reheat leftovers."
KURT ZERO
Squabwad, TX
"The year cult member Cousin Rhonda said Grace."
YOU STAY HERE WITH THE NICE CORRECTIONS OFFICER AND MOMMY WILL BE RIGHT BACK IN FIVE MINUTES.
NEWTON PILLBOTTLE
Pidegming Springs, PA
"Accompanying Mom on her yearly conjugal visit to Dad."
NESTOR PUDNEY
Bissell, VT
"The annual post-meal ritual: pumpkin pie and homemade porn tapes."
TIM TON BILGEWATER
PA
"Mom celebrating by putting out the good malt liquor."
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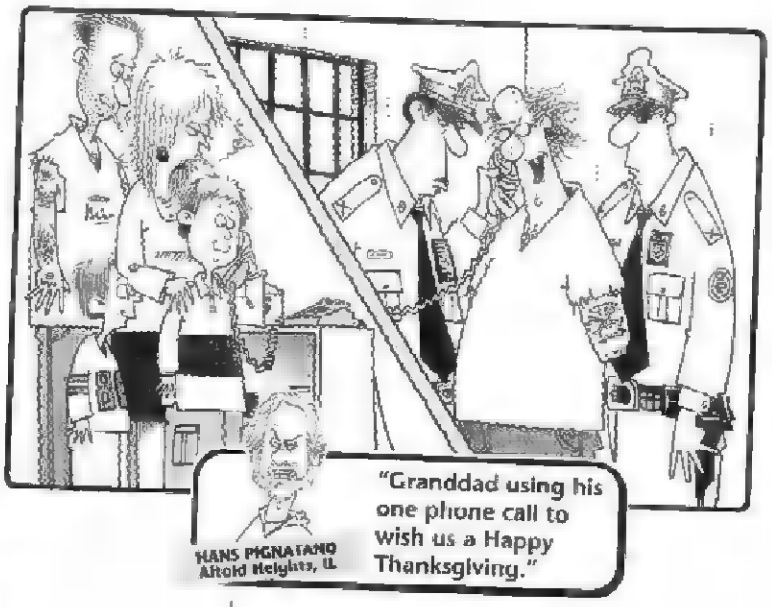
MAD Readers Fondly Remember Their

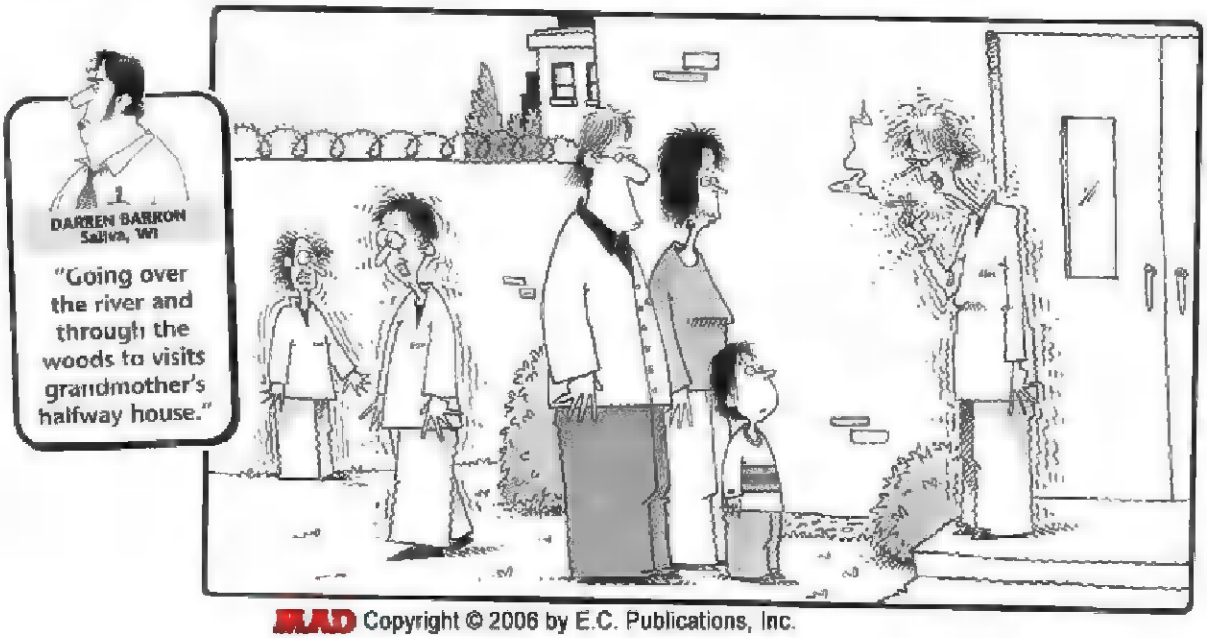
Favorite Dysfunctional Family Thanksgiving Moments

as compiled by

JOHN CALDWELL



YOUR TURN, BOBBY! KEEP HER MOVING!
"Aunt Vera's annual Pill and Port Wine Bender dance marathon."
CHESTER "WAYNE" WORTZINALL
Muppet Hills, CA



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* ATI's RADEON 9800XT 256MB DDR benchmarks with AnandTech's [illegible] with ATI driver v7.10 and NVIDIA driver v45.23. Resolutions: 1600x1200 4xAA.
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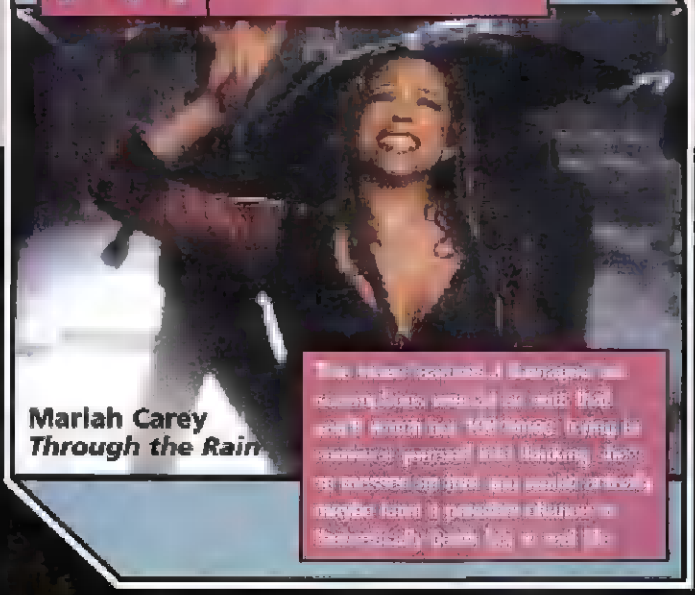
DESCRIPTION FOR DISASTER DEPT.

2-LETTER VIDEO LABELS

WP! BZ! SN! No, we're not suddenly printing jokes in a high frequency that only dogs can understand. We're just listing the totally meaningless "labels" that MTV slaps onto the beginnings of the videos they play to whip up some imaginary excitement. "WP" is for a World Premiere, which is always exciting since it's the first time in history that you get to see a video that will be played another 200 times in the next week. "BZ" means Buzzworthy, which might have something to do with bees. And "SN" stands for Spankin' New, and believe us, we've spanked...uh, nevermind...! But WP, BZ and SN are only three of the 676 possible 2-letter combinations in the alphabet. If MTV truly valued its viewers above its own hype, they'd use some of the other 673 possibilities. But as usual, it's up to us to do Kurt Loder's dirty work, by listing other...

PH PSYCHO HOTTIE



Mariah Carey
Through the Rain

GW GRATUITOUS WEIRDNESS

Radiohead
There There

You'll keep trying and trying to "get" this whacked-out video, which will be taken off regular rotation before you finally realize there's nothing to get.

CR CORPORATE REBEL

Avril Lavigne
Complicated

FB FAKE BLING

Trina
No Panties

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MTV SHOULD USE

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

SP SHAMELESS PLUG

Loon (feat. P. Diddy)
How You Want That

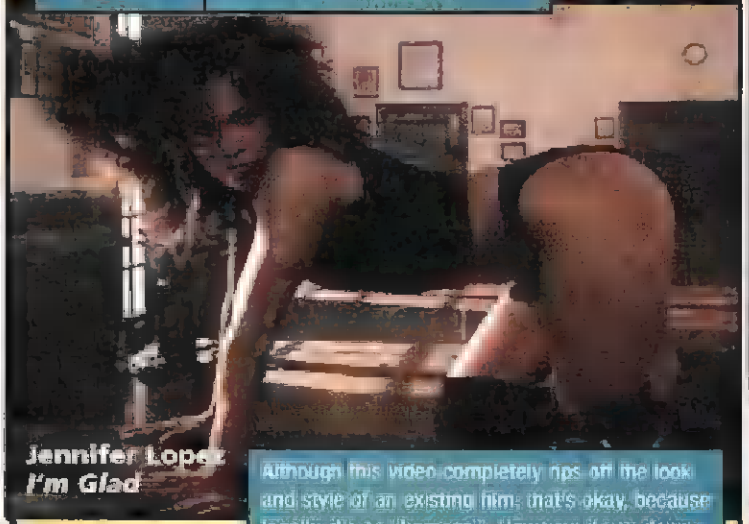
I'm guessing this video was supposed to be a sexy, hot, steamy, romantic mess. So why am I so underwhelmed? Maybe it's all built-in low-expectations because it's on MTV, a place where sex is boring and the hottest thing is a Britney Spears video.

DT EXCLUSIVE TRAILER

Pink
Feel Good Time

Pink's video is the latest in a long line of videos that are trying to be the next "Thriller." Unfortunately, 99% of all videos that are trying to be the next "Thriller" are boring. Pink's video is no exception.

IP INTELLECTUAL PILFERING



Jennifer Lopez
I'm Glad

Although this video completely rips off the look and style of an existing film, that's okay, because legally, it's an "homage." However, if you download this song on Kazaa without paying, the record company will sue your ass into oblivion.

UC UNCONSCIOUS COLLABORATION

Missy Elliot
(feat. Ludacris)
Gossip Folks

Even without enough rap "stars" to satisfy the casting client's demands, this video has a huge cast. I never spotted anyone at any point during the filming. In fact, the crowd appears easy to be duped, yet they're the other people in the video.

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2-LETTER VIDEO LABELS MTV SHOULD USE

RF RECYCLED FOOTAGE

t.A.T.u.
Not Gonna Get Us (from the MTV Movie Awards)

CF CONCRETE FEET

Sean Paul
Get Busy

BB BOUNCY, BOUNCY

Ashanti
Rock Wit U

This [illegible] has absolutely no ideas, so they put a skimpy [illegible] on the singer's boobs and stuck her on the beach. Ever notice that MTV plays very, very few videos featuring hot babes wearing ponchos?

GP GROUP POWER

Kelly Clarkson
Miss Independent

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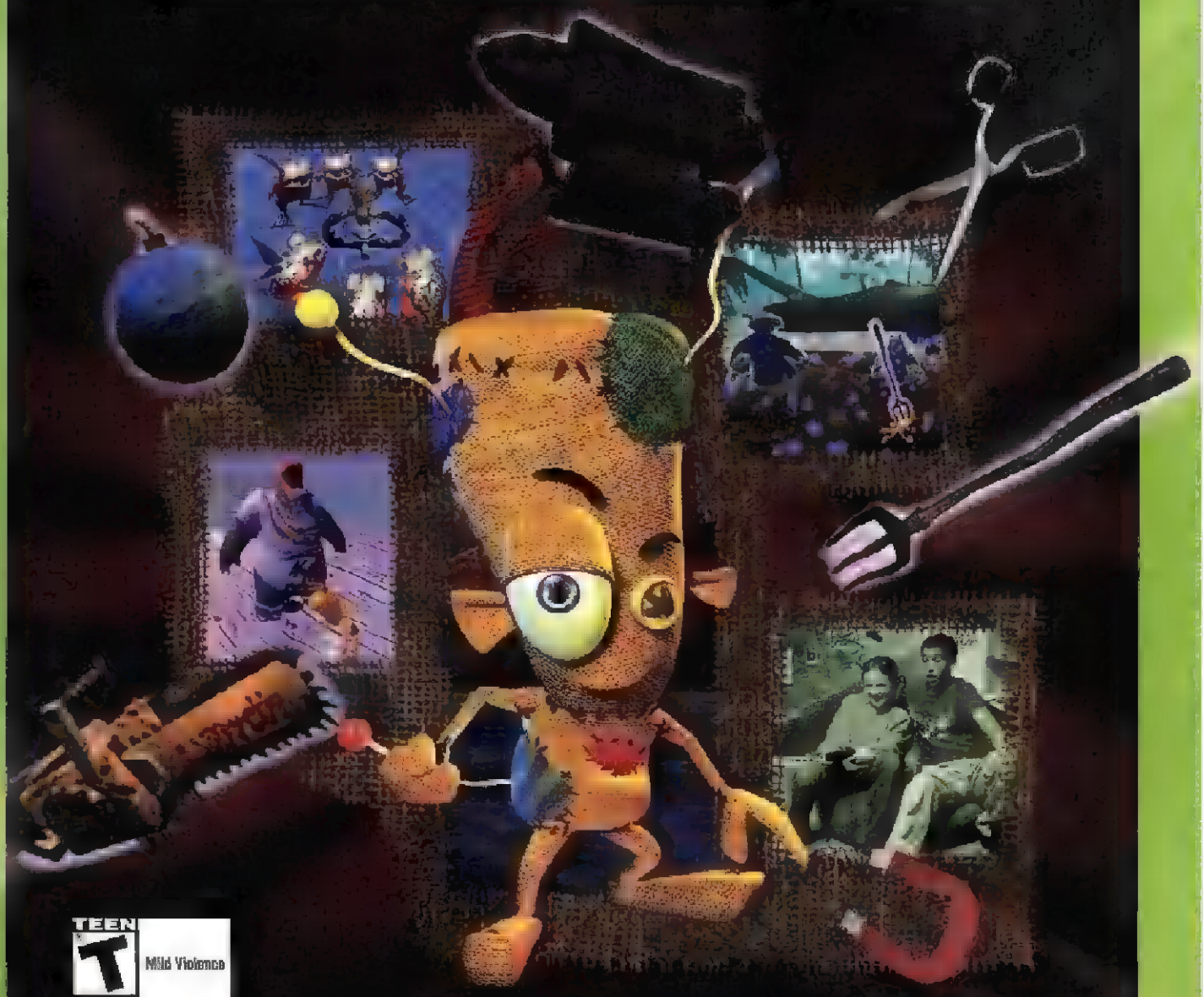
People tend to look at you differently
when you stuff a voodoo doll full of laxatives.



TEEN
T
Mild Violence
ESRB

Microsoft
game studios

You and Vince, the third best voodoo doll in Madam Charmaine's shop, are charged with rescuing his maker from the evil Kosmo the Inscrutable. To get by pit frogs, imps, killadillos and more on the exotic streets of New Orleans, Vince must use his best weapon, himself. See Vince jump into a blender, stick himself with a pitchfork, step into a beartrap and over 25 ways in which Vince can hurt himself, which means he's really helping himself. So don't feel bad for Vince. It's what he does best.

Voodoo Vince

XBOX

it's good to play together

xbox.com/voodoovince

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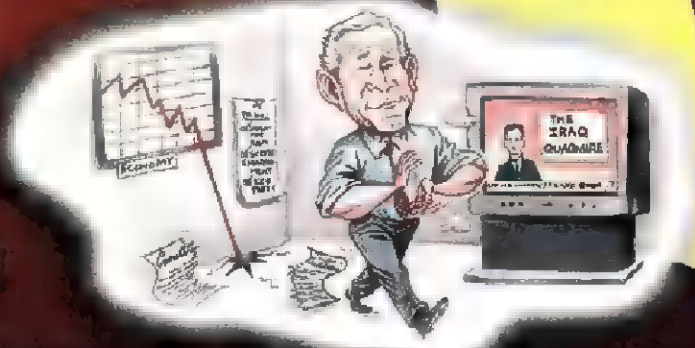
NOTION SICKNESS DEPT.

Lots of bad stuff happening out there. Trouble in Iran, you can't go near an airplane without catching some highly contagious respiratory ailment and they're already talking about making another *Body Banks* movie. And we're guessing you haven't gotten much sleep lately — no, not because of the world's problems, but because you were so worried that we weren't going to come up with some...

MORE PLEASANT LITTLE THOUGHTS That Might Help You SLEEP BETTER at night

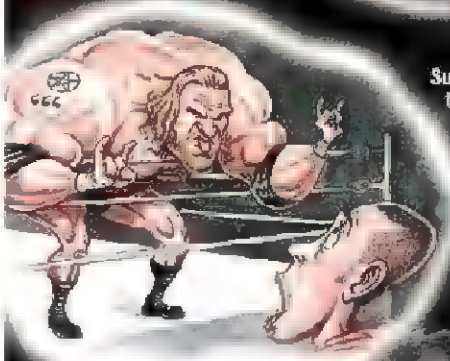
That facial tic you developed after walking in on your parents having sex should go away by the time you're 35.



We just went to war for dubious reasons, the economy's in the crapper and our civil liberties are disappearing like a David Copperfield magic trick — when you think about it, there's really not much damage left for George Bush to do over the next 14 months.

AOL doesn't have a U.S. defense contract.

Every minute lame comedienne-turned-lame activist Janeane Garofalo spends bitching about the war on MSNBC is one less minute she can spend making another crappy movie.



Sure, you're bummed that your favorite pro wrestler turned evil in a surprise move, but if the last 17,000 times this happened are any indication, he's probably gonna turn good again.

The popularity of thong underwear and the return of ass-baring low-rider jeans have coincided quite nicely.

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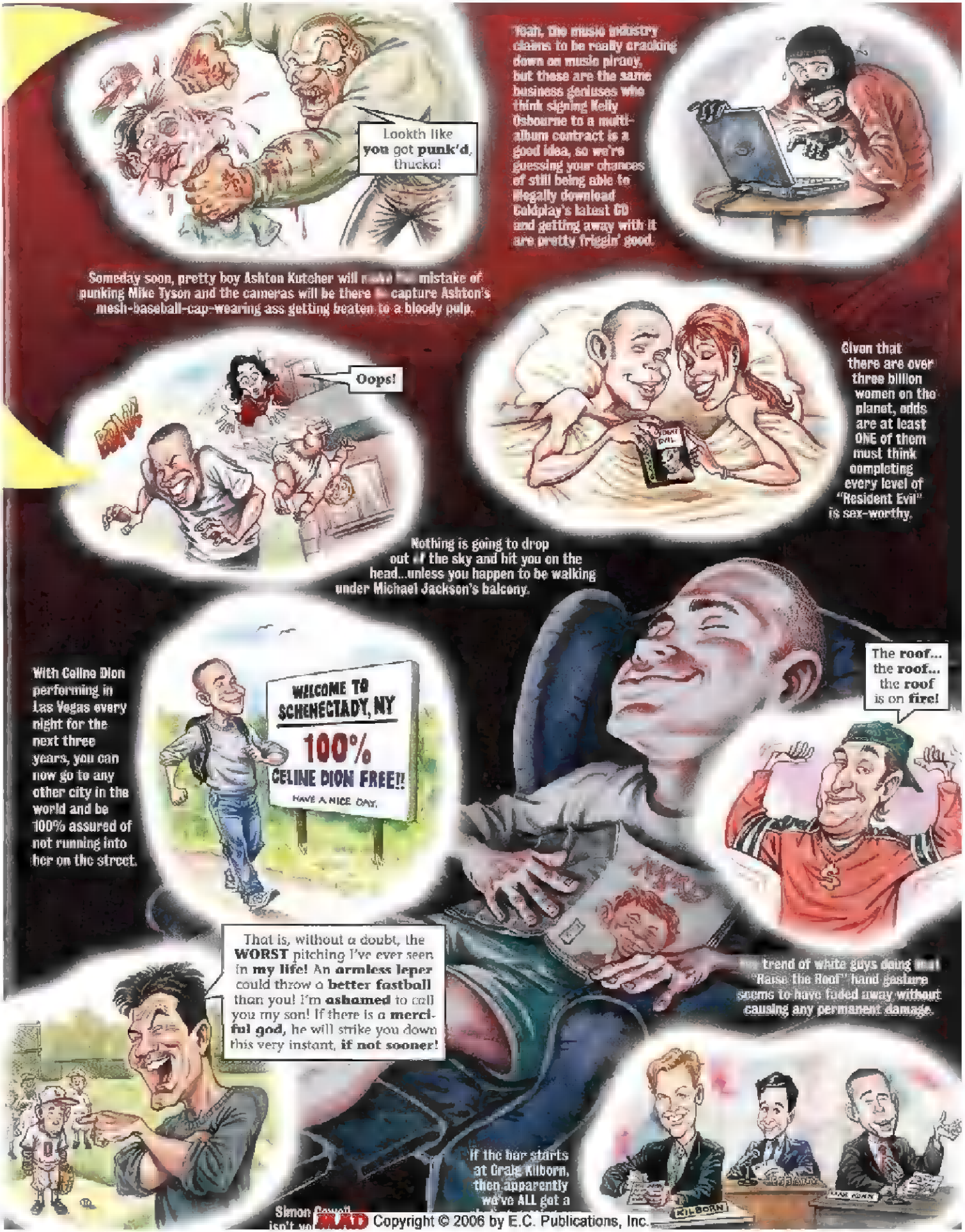
Lookth like you got punk'd, thucka!
Yeah, the music industry claims to be really cracking down on music piracy, but these are the same business geniuses who think signing Kelly Osbourne to a multi-album contract is a good idea, so we're guessing your chances of still being able to illegally download Coldplay's latest CD and getting away with it are pretty friggin' good.
Someday soon, pretty boy Ashton Kutcher will make the mistake of punking Mike Tyson and the cameras will be there to capture Ashton's mesh-baseball-cap-wearing ass getting beaten to a bloody pulp.
Oops!
BAM!
Given that there are over three billion women on the planet, odds are at least ONE of them must think completing every level of "Resident Evil" is sex-worthy.
Nothing is going to drop out of the sky and hit you on the head...unless you happen to be walking under Michael Jackson's balcony.
With Celine Dion performing in Las Vegas every night for the next three years, you can now go to any other city in the world and be 100% assured of not running into her on the street.
WELCOME TO SCHENECTADY, NY
100%
CELINE DION FREE!!
HAVE A NICE DAY.
The roof... the roof... the roof is on fire!
That is, without a doubt, the WORST pitching I've ever seen in my life! An armless leper could throw a better fastball than you! I'm ashamed to call you my son! If there is a merciful god, he will strike you down this very instant, if not sooner!
The trend of white guys doing that "Raise the Roof" hand gesture seems to have faded away without causing any permanent damage.
If the bar starts at Craig Kilborn, then apparently we've ALL got a
KILBORN
Simon Cowell isn't yo
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Reality sucks. It's... MONROE and...

NO TICKET, NO MOVIE!
EXIT
I TOLD YOU WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO SNEAK IN!
I'M SUPPOSED TO PAY $9 A HEAD AND HILARY DUFF AIN'T TAKING OFF NOTHING?
I REALLY HATE FAMILY MOVIE NIGHT.
PUT A SOCK IN IT! THE COURT ORDERS THAT WE SPEND QUALITY TIME TOGETHER AND WE'RE GONNA DO IT!
WE CAN HIT THE DRIVE-IN. I'LL START FOLDING GRANDPA INTO THE TRUNK!
FORGET IT! WE'LL GO RENT A VIDEO. I KNOW A GOOD STORE NEARBY.
OOH, LOOK AT ALL THAT LEATHER! HOW ABOUT THIS?
THE MATRIX RELOADED?
I ALREADY SAW IT. BO-RING! I DON'T THINK I CAN DO IT AGAIN.
KEANU WORKS FOR ME!
BESIDES, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE IT, IT'S MORE FUN FOR US!
SEE, THANKS.
CAN SOMEONE LEND ME ANOTHER QUARTER?
GET IN THE CAR, GRAMPS.
OKAY... POPCORN? CHECK! BIG GULP CUP FULL OF GENERIC RUM? CHECK!
GOOD. YOU'LL WANT TO GET LOADED BEFORE YOU SIT THROUGH RELOADED.
CHANGES?
CHANGES.
CHANGES.
CHANGES.
CHANGES... CHANGES...
MORPHEUS?
AH, "THE UNCHOSEN ONE" HAS COME.
DID THE ORACLE TELL YOU WHO I WAS?
NO, I CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKING AT YOU THAT YOU ARE NOBODY'S FIRST PICK.

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ARTIST: BILL WRAY

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

THE MATRIX

DAD, IS THIS AN ADULT BOOKSTORE?
PUSSYCAT
VIDEO
NO, IT'S AN ART CLASS FOR STUDYING NUDE ANATOMY. THE STUDENTS ALL JUST HAPPEN TO BE DEGENERATES IN TRENCH COATS!
COOL! CAN I PICK THE MOVIE? CAN I?
ADULT→
FAMILY
RELAX. YEAH, YOU CAN PICK IT. FROM THOSE OVER THERE.
DAMN!
FAMILY ACTION
CUTE HANGER 2
STAR WARS III
DRUNK LOVE
MATRIX RELOADED
CHARLIES ANGELS 2
13
the blair tapes
QUIT YOUR GRIPING AND POP IN THE TAPE!
OKAY, MAYBE I WAS WRONG THE FIRST TIME. MAYBE THERE WAS TOO MUCH HYPE. MAYBE IT WAS A GOOD MOVIE AFTER ALL.
THE MATRIX IS, LIKE, TOTALLY INSIDE ALL OF US.
THERE ARE CHANGES COMING, NEO.
CHANGES?
CHANGES.
CHANGES?
CHANGES.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT.
WHOA! SO I'M KIND OF LIKE NEO?
NOT QUITE. YOUR MATRIX NAME IS "ZERO."
SO, CAN YOU DOWNLOAD KUNG FU INTO ME AND ALL THAT?
FORGET IT, KID. YOU CAN'T FIT A HARD DRIVE IN AN ETCH A SKETCH.
WHY IS EVERYONE DANCING? AREN'T THE MACHINES BEARING DOWN ON ZION?
WE CALL IT "FILLER."
IT'S LAME!
WHAT DO YOU WANT? THERE'S ALREADY A "PART THREE" IN THE CAN. NOBODY IS IN A HURRY HERE. LATER.

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MONROE

JOLINDA! I HAD A PREMONITION THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE WAS GONNA HAPPEN TO YOU.
LOOKS LIKE IT DID. I'M SITTING HERE TALKING TO YOU.
SO... UH... WANNA MAKE OUT AND TOUCH MY BACK HOLES?
THOSE AREN'T PORES. THEY'RE BOILS.
OH... SORRY.
QUIET! I HEAR SOMETHING!
YIKES! HE'S GONNA KILL US!
NO HE'S NOT – HE'S JUST GONNA KILL YOU. I'M DATING HIM!
PUNCH
PUNCHITY
PUNCH
PUNCH
PUNCH
PUNCH
GOOD ONE, DYLAN!
UGH!
YUK! THAT IS THE UGLIEST PIECE OF ROAD KILL I'VE EVER SEEN!
WOMP
COME ON, FELLAS! LET ME GO AND I'LL DOWNLOAD YOU SOME DETANGLER!
GRANDPA? YOU'RE THE KEYMAKER?
YES, ZERO, I AM. AND BECAUSE YOU ARE "THE UNCHOSEN ONE," YOU SEEK THE KEY TO UNLOCK THE DOOR TO A HAPPY LIFE. BUT THE KEY IS AN ENIGMA WRAPPED IN A RIDDLE DIPPED IN MILK CHOCOLATE AND SPRINKLED WITH PEANUTS. THE KEY LOOKS A LOT LIKE A TURD BUT IT IS NOT.
WHERE IS MY KEY?
I'M AFRAID THERE IS NO KEY FOR YOU, JUST A TURD.
WHY CAN'T I JUST HAVE A GOOD PREPROGRAMMED LIFE? THEY CAN DOWNLOAD SOMETHING BETTER INTO ME EASILY.
AFRAID NOT, KID. THE MATRIX JUST DOESN'T LIKE YOU.
PERFECT!
BESIDES, IT ENJOYS WATCHING YOU SUFFER. NOW GET BACK IN THERE!

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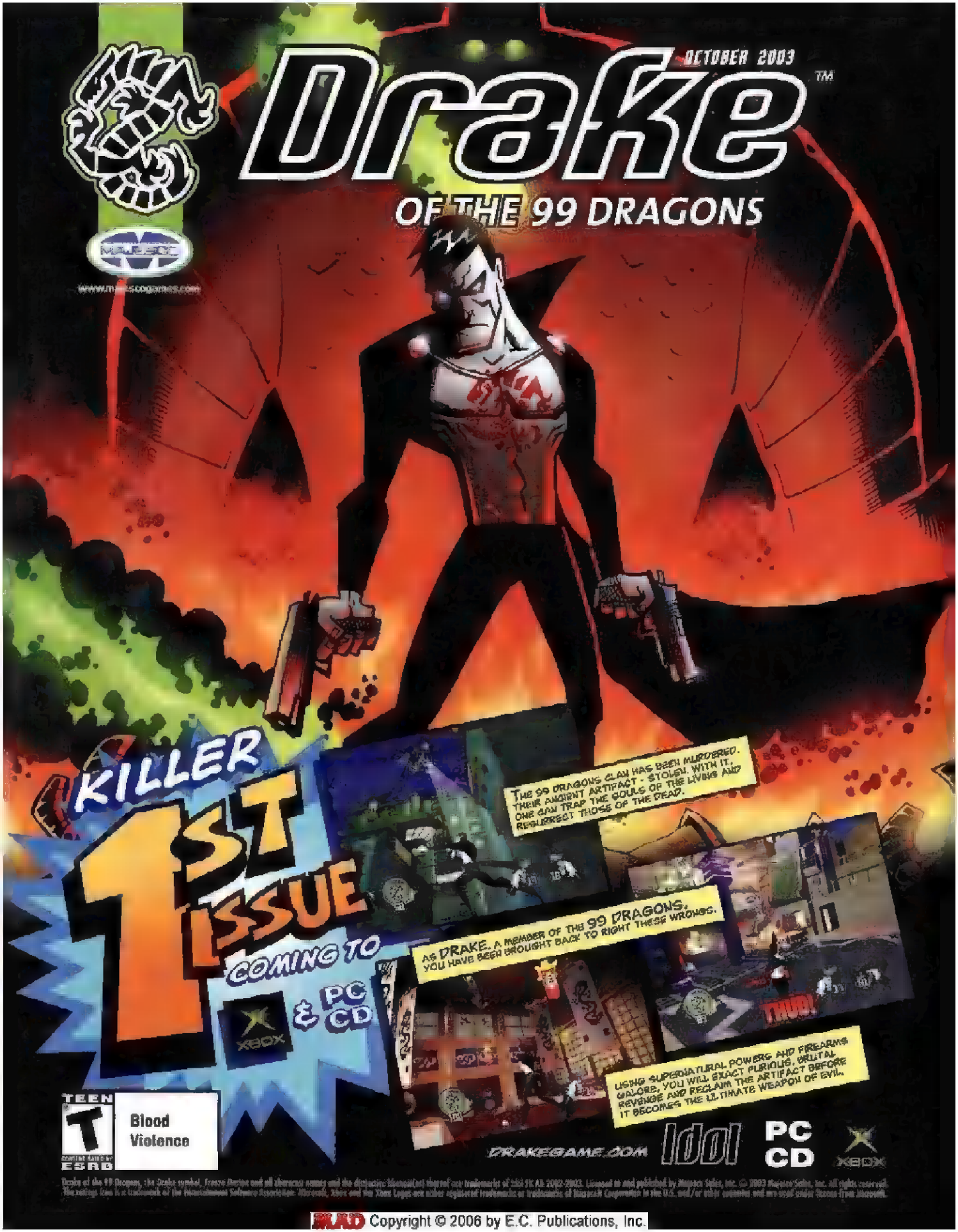
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU'RE GOING OUT WITH THE AGENT? HE'S, LIKE, AN EVIL MACHINE GUY!
HEY, IF YOU'RE THE ALTERNATIVE... KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?
BAM BLAM
BLAM
GREAT.
HAVE FUN.
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
EEEEEK!
I'M BEING THROWN TO MY DOOM!
TOSS!
HEY WAIT! I'M FLYING!
I MEAN...I'M FLAAA


OCTOBER 2003
Drake
OF THE 99 DRAGONS
KILLER
1ST ISSUE
COMING TO
XBOX
& PC CD
THE 99 DRAGONS CLAN HAS BEEN MURDERED. THEIR ANCIENT ARTIFACT - STOLEN. WITH IT, ONE CAN TRAP THE SOULS OF THE LIVING AND RESURRECT THOSE OF THE DEAD.
AS DRAKE, A MEMBER OF THE 99 DRAGONS, YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT BACK TO RIGHT THESE WRONGS.
THUD!
USING SUPERNATURAL POWERS AND FIREARMS GALORE, YOU WILL EXACT FURIOUS, BRUTAL REVENGE AND RECLAIM THE ARTIFACT BEFORE IT BECOMES THE ULTIMATE WEAPON OF EVIL.
TEEN T
Blood
Violence
DRAKEGAME.COM
Idol
PC CD
XBOX

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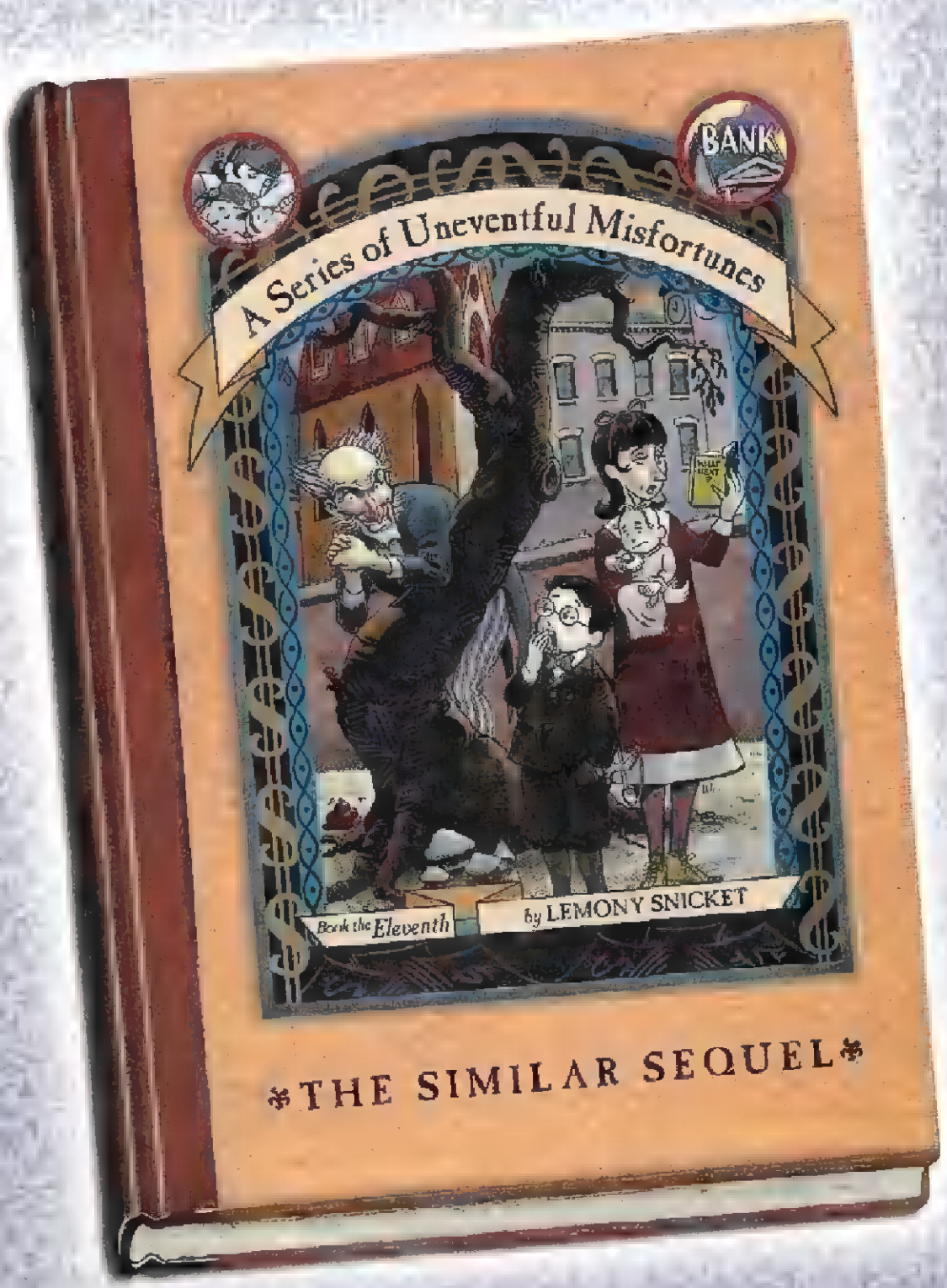
Harry Potter **may be the biggest thing in publishing right now — but it's certainly not the *smartest.* Although the series has made tons of money, J.K. Rowling has repeatedly stated that the saga would only be seven books long. That's no way to do business! Fellow children's author Lemony Snicket, however, knows that the secret to success is to find a formula, stick with it, and above all else, never take any steps to resolve the plot and kill that golden goose! Just turn this magazine sideways and read on — maybe then you'll understand what keeps the kids interested (and shelling out their parents' bucks), all for...**



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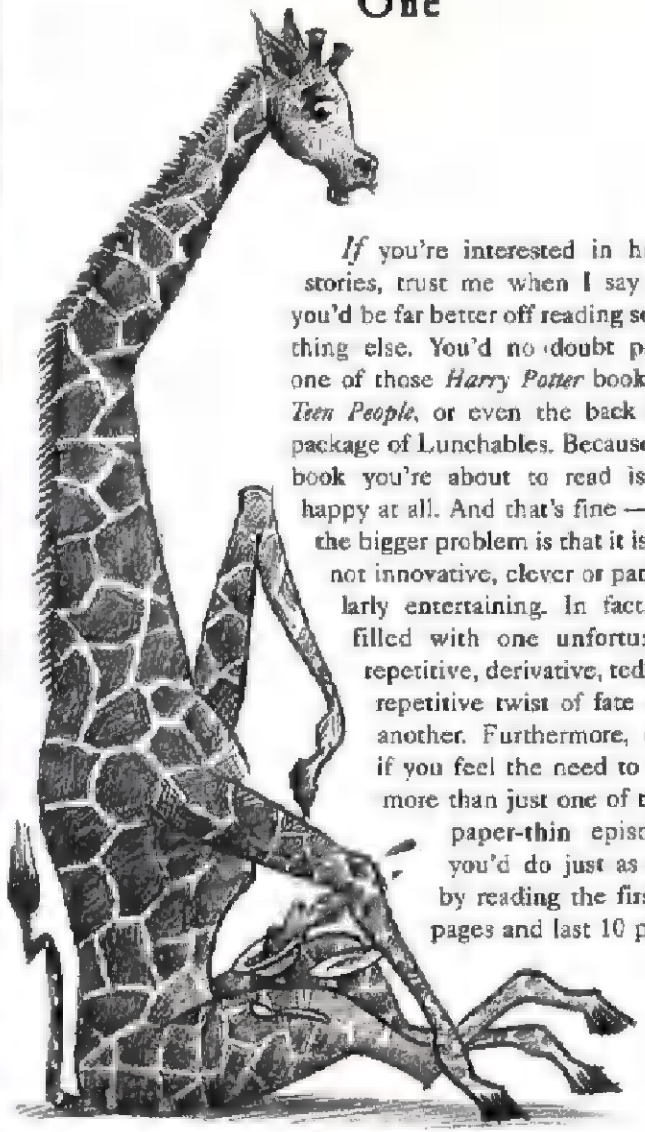
CHAPTER

One



If you're interested in happy stories, trust me when I say that you'd be far better off reading something else. You'd no doubt prefer one of those *Harry Potter* books, or *Teen People*, or even the back of a package of Lunchables. Because the book you're about to read is not happy at all. And that's fine — but the bigger problem is that it is also not innovative, clever or particularly entertaining. In fact, it's filled with one unfortunate, repetitive, derivative, tedious, repetitive twist of fate after another. Furthermore, even if you feel the need to read more than just one of these paper-thin episodes, you'd do just as well by reading the first 10 pages and last 10 pages

of the book. The rest is really just an appalling amount of filler. So, why not stop now and find something less aggravating to busy yourself with — it won't be hard to do.

You're still reading, aren't you? Because you're ten books in and you figure that eventually *something* is bound to happen, right? Ha ha! I have you exactly where I want you! *The banana pudding fell sideways into the giraffe's lap.* You read that too, didn't you? Keep reading, it's bound to pay off in a big way real soon! Sucker!

By now, you know all about the Baudelaires — there's the eldest, Violet, who is always inventing things; then there's Klaus, the middle child, who is constantly reading things; and, of course, there's Sunny, the baby, who is always biting things. This is not a summary — this is actually the full extent of the character development after 10 novels' worth of stories. You're up to speed!

Often, while laying awake at night, alone and scared, I wish I had never begun my investigation of the Baudelaires — an endeavor that has ruined my life, forcing me to write, essentially, the same story nearly a dozen times. Of course, when I lie awake at night, it is in my mansion, atop my diamond-filled mattress, and I drift into sleep as soon as I think about how this drivel has made me a millionaire many, many times over — so I won't linger on that particular problem for too long — and neither should you.

At this point in the Baudelaires' truly unfortunate lives, they were in a situation exactly like what they had experienced countless times before. Mr. Poe was about to leave them with a new guardian.

The Baudelaires, of course, were nervous about meeting this distant relative/friend of the family/friend of a friend of a family/disinterested third party (depending on what's easiest for the story — it doesn't much matter, they won't be sticking around long). Actually, "nervous" was a remarkably well-adjusted state of mind for them to be in — consider-

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ing that their parents had burned to death, they themselves had nearly been murdered on countless occasions, and no one seemed too bothered by the pattern. Still, they had butterflies in their stomachs just the same.

"Who will we be living with?" Violet asked.

"Oh, it's a zany, inept individual who has an odd fear or obsession that you'll have to abide by, making it impossible to solve your parents' murder or to keep Count Olaf from reentering your lives," Mr. Poe gruffly explained, pausing to cough into his handkerchief.

"You mean like our Aunt Josephine, who wouldn't let us use the stove for any reason?" Klaus asked, rolling his eyes.

"Or 'Sir' at the mill, who wouldn't let us say a word in his presence?" Violet asked.

"Or Jerome Squalor, who refused to disagree with anything his evil, shallow wife said?" Klaus asked.

"Well, our last guardian was absurdly cruel and inept," Violet pointed out, "so I guess that means this guardian will be *good-natured* and inept."

"Crackers!" Sunny said, which probably meant something like, "That's the pattern!"

Sunny, though quite young and capable of only gibberish, was absolutely correct — the characters were all pretty much amorphous — a fancy word in this case meaning "another example of unimaginative, half-assed character development on the writer's part."

"Why can't we live with Justice Strauss, the one person who's been nice to us and believed us about Count Olaf?" Klaus asked.

"You can only be adopted by a relative — that is the rule," Mr. Poe wheezed, a thick strand of phlegm dangling from the corner of his mouth to his ever-present handkerchief.

"But," Violet added, "what about the Squalors — they were just family friends?"

"Well..." Mr. Poe began.

"Or that vile village?" Klaus asked, "We weren't related to any of those people!"

"Same goes for that miserable mill," Violet noted.

"Kom!" Sunny said, by which she probably meant, "And what about when Count Olaf nearly adopted us while he was posing as a female secretary, even though 'she' wasn't related to us at all..."

"Please don't talk to me while I'm driving," Mr. Poe said, conveniently cutting off the children as so many other adults had done when they were asking perfectly reasonable questions. But it was just as well, since Mr. Poe and the children had arrived at their destination — the home of the Baudelaires' new guardian.

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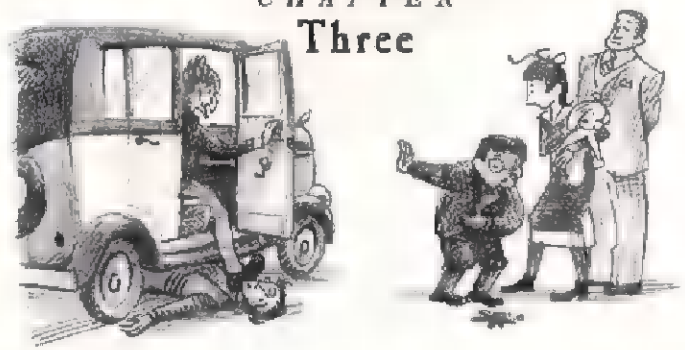
CHAPTER

Three



"Hello," said the kindly figure who rushed up to greet them, "I'm Jesse Happy, your new guardian. I just want you to know that I believe you about Count Olaf — and I swear I'll do everything in my power to keep him from ever coming near you again. We're going to have so much fun together, children! We're going to go on picnics and see movies and laugh at funny jokes..."

The Baudelaires felt that at last they had found a home — and with it, a guardian with whom they could find safety and happiness. But, as I've gone nearly four pages without stating, this is not a happy story — and the Baudelaires' happiness, no matter how great, was to be ending very soon.

For just as Jesse was about to make colorful balloon animals for the children, he was crushed beneath the wheels of a car — meeting the predictably gruesome fate of every adult who is kind to the Baudelaires.

"Well," Mr. Poe said, "that's another guardian you've managed to louse up. Tell you what, though, we'll see if this reckless driver is interested in caring for a few wayward orphans."

"I sure *would* be!" was the immediate reply from the unusual man who stepped out of the car, deliberately crushing the windpipe of a still-squirming Jesse in the process.

He wore a headband low over his eyebrows and a giant gaudy anklet that was big enough to hide an incriminating ankle tattoo. He also wore a white t-shirt that had big black letters that read, "I am NOT Count Olaf."

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said, scraping bits of hair and skin off of his fender and pausing only to pry an ear from his hood ornament, "I'm Count Falo."

The Baudelaires, of course, saw past his lame disguise and painfully phony name and realized that, just like clockwork, their old nemesis Count Olaf had reared his ugly head yet again.

"Mr. Poe," Klaus screamed in outrage and surprise, "that is not 'Count Falo' — it is none other than Count Olaf!"

"Nonsense," Mr. Poe exclaimed, "he is wearing a shirt that clearly states he is NOT Count Olaf! He wouldn't be allowed to wear such a garment if it weren't true."

Of course, everyone knows that that is not the case. Obviously, just because something is written on a t-shirt, that does not make it fact. A person wearing a t-shirt that says "Girls Gone Wild!" does not necessarily work for that company — even if he *does* have a camera and swears that he'll make you a star. Everybody knows this — except perhaps for my poor, departed, flash-happy paramour, Beatrice. And, unfortunately for the Baudelaires, Mr. Poe was equally obtuse — a word which here means "super-retarded."

But I'm getting off on a tangent — a word that here means, "a bit of unrelated nonsense used to stretch out a flimsy story." So, Count Olaf had already re-emerged — and the Baudelaires could immediately see through his disguise, but would be unable to convince Mr. Poe — or anyone else — until the end of the story. Meaning that there were now 100 mind-numbing pages before every other dense character realized what you, young reader, deduced on page 21. Enjoy!

"Seriously, Mr. Poe," Violet said, "he's Count Olaf...come

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on...don't be such a jackass about this!"

"Rozzer!" Sunny said, which probably meant something along the lines of, "For Christ's sake! How many times do we have to go through this exact same scenario! Even *I'm* starting to get tired of this — and I have no short-term memory whatsoever!"

Turning to face the Baudelaires once more, Mr. Poe said, "Now calm down children — the only other time I've seen you this worked up was right before all those times when I left you in the custody of someone who turned out to be Count Olaf!"

"You'll have to forgive the children, Count Falo — they're just upset because Count Olaf always turns up and tries to murder them and every adult they get close to. You know how cranky and suspicious children can get when they have the constant threat of homicide hanging over their heads!"

"It's no problem at all," "Count Falo" said with a smile, "I've tried to kill them so many times, I've nearly lost count!"

"Are you even listening to what he's saying right now?!?" Violet screamed.

"Violet," Mr. Poe said, turning away from "Count Falo" to address the eldest Baudelaire, "it's not polite to yell — and please stop kicking me in the groin while you're at it!"

As Mr. Poe was scolding Violet, behind him, "Count Falo" was holding Sunny by her ankles and using her to beat Klaus about the face and neck, bloodying both in the process.

"But Mr. Poe, if you'll just turn your head 90 degrees, you'll see that phony 'Count Falo' is abusing both my brother and sister right this very minute!"

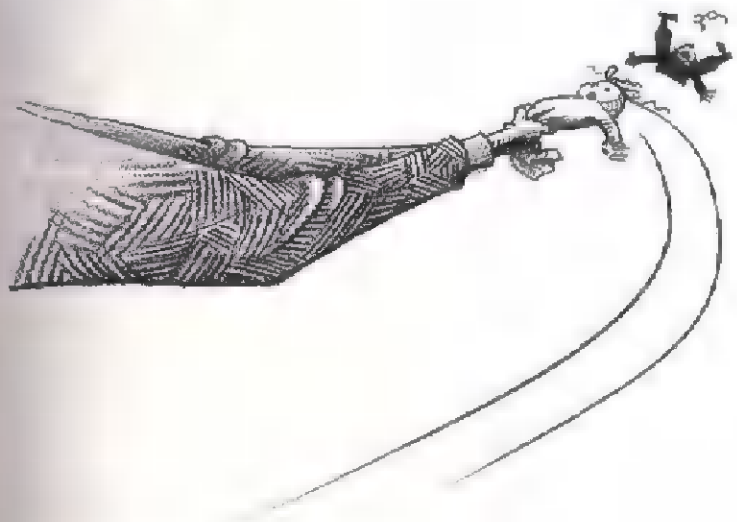
"Violet, please, it's not polite for children to ask adults to turn their heads. And Klaus, stop that screaming and begging for mercy! Why can't you children behave yourselves?!?"

Oftentimes, adults will not believe children. Maybe it's because they're smaller and sometimes prone to exaggeration. Or maybe it's because adults don't like to think that children know more than they do about certain things. Or, most often, an adult won't listen to a child simply because stubborn adults are an excellent cover for sloppy, inconsistent writers.

"Oh, heavens!" Mr. Poe exclaimed, finally looking at Klaus and Sunny, just after Count Falo had finally grown tired of beating them up and had kicked Sunny, soft-spot-first, directly into Klaus' solar plexus. "Your brother and sister have somehow managed to get blood all over their clothes and faces! You children are behaving most peculiarly today!"

"Yes, but..." Klaus said woozily, feeling several broken ribs floating around his midsection.

"No 'buts,'" Mr. Poe said, "I'm late for a very important appointment. You're in excellent hands — Count Falo is practically family. Good day."



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CHAPTER
Eight

"*What* I don't understand," Violet said, turning to her brother, "is how Count Olaf's plan even makes any sense now. Ever since he first tried to steal our inheritance, he's definitely not included in our parents' will — and simply being related to us certainly doesn't entitle him to anything. Plus, after all the terrible, illegal things that he's done, he's a wanted criminal. There's no way that a man wanted for several murders would be awarded any part of our fortune."

"That's troubled me too," said Klaus.

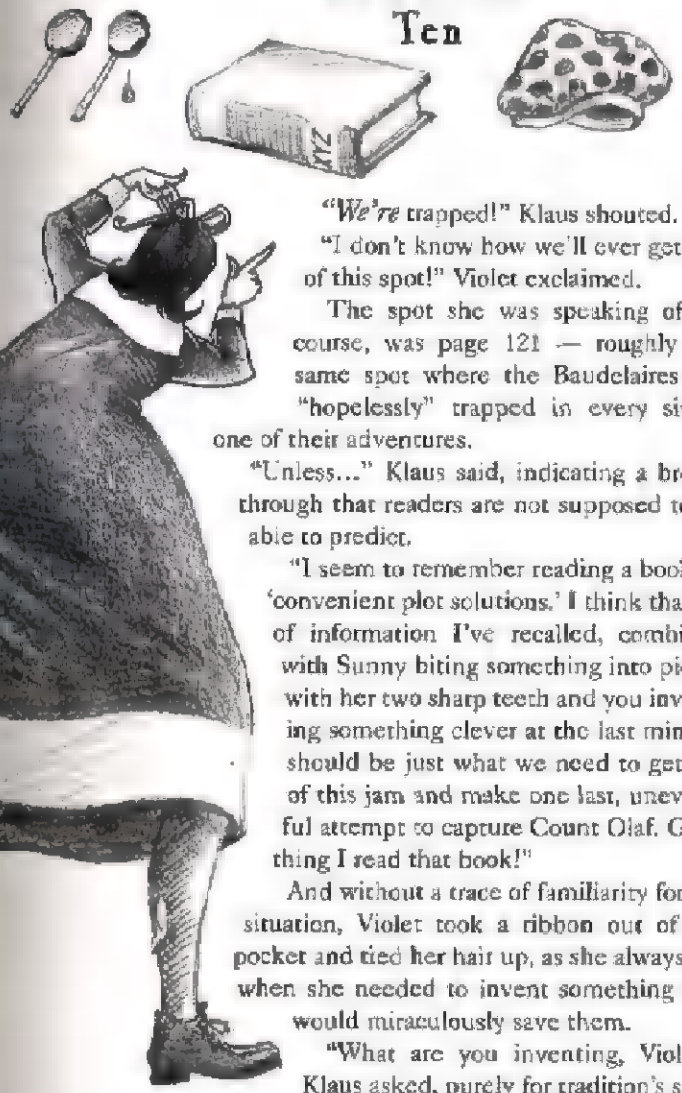
"Klaus," Violet asked suddenly, "do you remember that time when we were all going to go on a picnic, but it ended up raining?"

"Yes," Klaus said, wistfully remembering one of the many happy days he shared with his family before his parents were killed in that horrible fire and the Baudelaires were forced to endure one miserable experience after another. "It was far too stormy to go outside, but we had a picnic right on the living room rug."

"Dropsy!" Sunny chirped in — which meant something along the lines of, "Yes, I too remember all the fun we used to have with our parents! Good times!"

As the Baudelaires lay in their beds, they thought of their parents futilely clawing the walls and screaming in agony as the flames melted the flesh right off their charred bones.

"Oh well, enough reminiscing. It's silly to dwell on the past," Violet concluded, ending this adventure's obligatory recollection of their parents.



CHAPTER
Ten

"*We're* trapped!" Klaus shouted.

"I don't know how we'll ever get out of this spot!" Violet exclaimed.

The spot she was speaking of, of course, was page 121 — roughly the same spot where the Baudelaires get "hopelessly" trapped in every single one of their adventures.

"Unless..." Klaus said, indicating a breakthrough that readers are not supposed to be able to predict.

"I seem to remember reading a book on 'convenient plot solutions.' I think that bit of information I've recalled, combined with Sunny biting something into pieces with her two sharp teeth and you inventing something clever at the last minute, should be just what we need to get out of this jam and make one last, uneventful attempt to capture Count Olaf. Good thing I read that book!"

And without a trace of familiarity for the situation, Violet took a ribbon out of her pocket and tied her hair up, as she always did when she needed to invent something that would miraculously save them.

"What are you inventing, Violet?" Klaus asked, purely for tradition's sake.

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"Snide!" Sunny said, which meant something along the line of, "She's inventing a 'plot device.' She's going to take the few 'random,' seemingly unrelated objects in her direct vicinity and create an invention at the very last second that perfectly suits the obstacle at hand! Stuck in a runaway elevator? She'll invent an 'elevator-stopper'! About to be trampled by rampaging elephants? She'll invent an 'elephant-disperser'! God! This nonsense makes *MacGyver* look Shakespearean!"

Within a few minutes, Violet had taken two lollipops, the "XYZ" volume of the 1977 World Book and an old shower cap and made an invention that perfectly solved their conundrum — a word that in this case means "imbroglio."

If this were a happy story, it would have a happy ending — and the villain would be captured, while the heroes would be left cheerful, and perhaps enjoying a chocolate sundae (unless they were lactose intolerant, in which case, a non-dairy treat could be easily substituted).

And if you're still expecting a happy ending, you're clearly some sort of moron — although it HAS been nearly four pages since I last stressed that this is NOT a traditional happy story.

Anyway, as those of you who read the previous sentence may remember, this story does NOT have a happy ending. It will, however, have an abrupt, unsatisfactory and well-worn ending. Happy endings are unrealistic and boring and predictable. In contrast, unhappy endings are dark and edgy and unexpected! Even with plenty of previous warnings. In book after book. After book.

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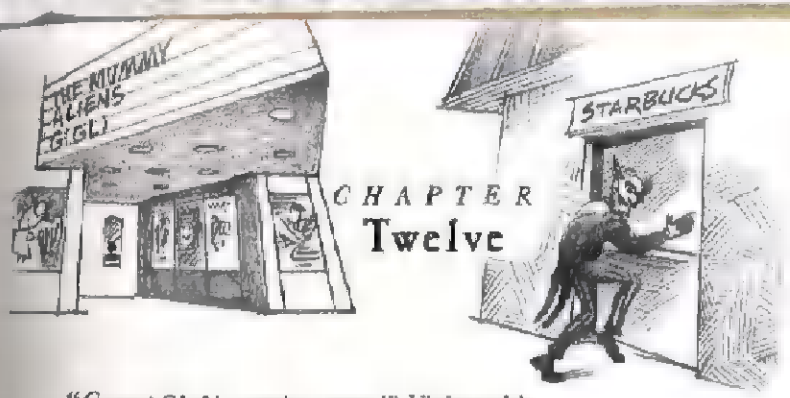


CHAPTER Twelve

"Count Olaf is getting away!" Violet said.

"*We'll* have to stop him then!" the orphans shouted, somehow conveniently finding the courage to face Count Olaf that had eluded them for the previous 138 pages.

"Oh, heavens no!" Mr. Poe said, hacking into a brown, dripping handkerchief. "I can't allow you to be endangered by pursuing that criminal. I am charged with your well-being. Let the police apprehend him..."

"But Count Olaf is right *there*!" Klaus said.

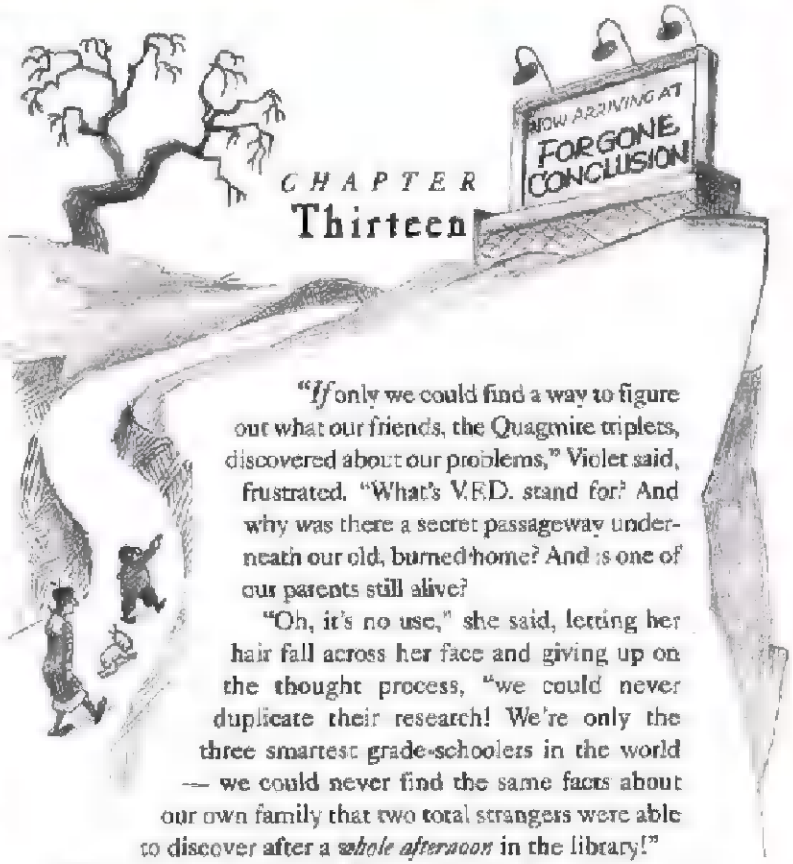
"He's ordering a drink at that coffee shop!" Violet yelled. "Now he's going into the theater to watch *The Return of the King* — he'll be there for the next three and a half hours!"

"No, no," Mr. Poe said, as he expelled a large bloody mass into his handkerchief, "better that we stay put. The police will handle it — we'll give them a call first thing tomorrow."

"The police are useless idiots!" Klaus screamed. "If they really want to catch Count Olaf, why don't they just stay with us and wait for Olaf to turn up and harass us like he does every single freakin' time!?!"

"Seriously," Violet shouted, "what kind of cops can't find a lanky, sinister man accompanied by a half-dozen cohorts who have book-hands, incredibly pale skin and other immediately identifiable and freakish traits?!? These aren't people who just blend into a crowd!"

"Poiuyt!" Sunny said, sinking both of her large pointy teeth directly into Mr. Poe's Achilles' tendon. If Mr. Poe weren't in such pain, he might have realized that what she said meant something like, "And if you're so friggin' concerned with our safety, why do you put us with one horrible, unfit guardian after another?!?"



CHAPTER Thirteen

"*If* only we could find a way to figure out what our friends, the Quagmire triplets, discovered about our problems," Violet said, frustrated. "What's V.F.D. stand for? And why was there a secret passageway underneath our old, burned-home? And is one of our parents still alive?

"Oh, it's no use," she said, letting her hair fall across her face and giving up on the thought process, "we could never duplicate their research! We're only the three smartest grade-schoolers in the world — we could never find the same facts about our own family that two total strangers were able to discover after a *whole afternoon* in the library!"

"Well, it's not all bad," Klaus said, finding the same bright side that the orphans always found after another nearly-deadly and pointless adventure. "We're still together, and we did manage to defeat Count Olaf once again!"

"Potrzebie!" Sunny shrieked — which in this case meant something along the lines of, "and we're also no further along in this story than when we *started*, morons!"

At this point, I'll simply end the story and attempt to make up for another flat and disappointing conclusion by going directly to my note to the editor, vaguely hinting at the possibility of plot development in the next unfulfilling and formulaic installment. I'd explain what "formulaic" means — but I've already met my word count. See you next time, suckers!

Dr My Kind Editor,

I am writing to you from the humongous whirlpool bathtub of my Italian penthouse. Oh…that is to say I'm writing to you from…oh, let's say, "The Dangerous Dam"…or "The Treacherous Trolley," or "The Hectic Halfway-House." Or whatever — just pick something vaguely sinister and alliterative and I'll plug it into the standard template.

Anyway, for the sake of this letter, let's say that I'm visiting the home of the Baudelaires' "mean and idiosyncratic guardian" and I'm looking for anything that would shed some light on the time that the Baudelaires spent there.

Please go to Eli's Bagels on Route 34 at 3 P.M. next Wednesday and order a pumpernickel bagel with vegetable cream cheese. It will not help you at all in piecing together this story, but it's delicious, and it's well worth the effort. Afterwards, visit the nearby Strathmore Cinema and buy a <u>children's</u> ticket to <u>Gigli</u>. Sit in the first seat on your right — beneath it, you will find an envelope. I guarantee you will have plenty of privacy to read its contents. Inside, you will find my notes, as well as a tooth from the silent sloth, a coaster from the Tavern on the Scream Bar & Grill and a sketch of Carmen Electra that I'm particularly proud of. On second thought, I'll just send a messenger over with it after I'm done with this afternoon's deep tissue massage. Ciao!

Remember, you are my only hope to keep this sweet, sweet money-maker going by publishing a yearly edition of this endless saga. Don't screw it up for both of us.

With all due respect,

Daniel Handler Lemony Snicket

Lemony Snicket

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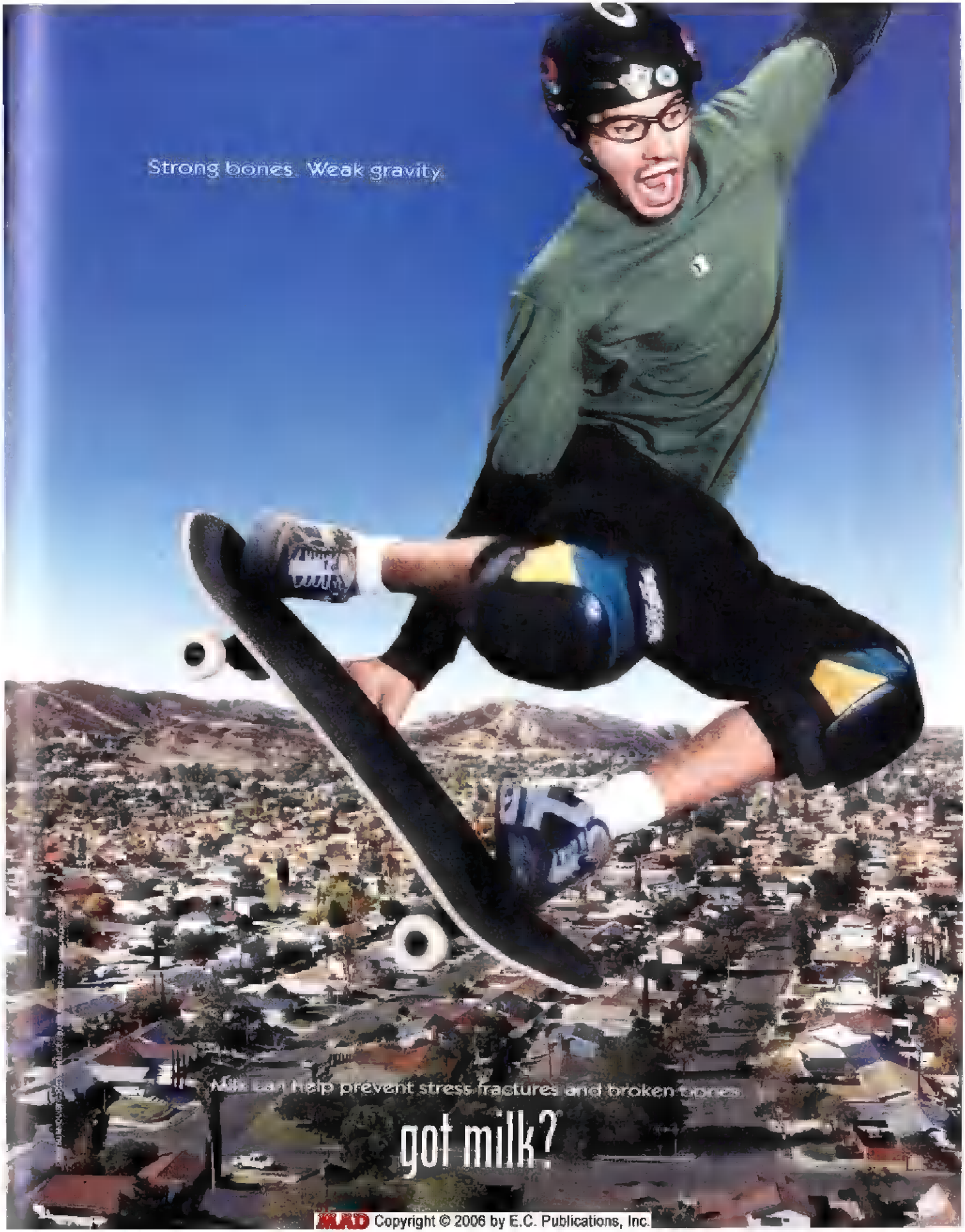

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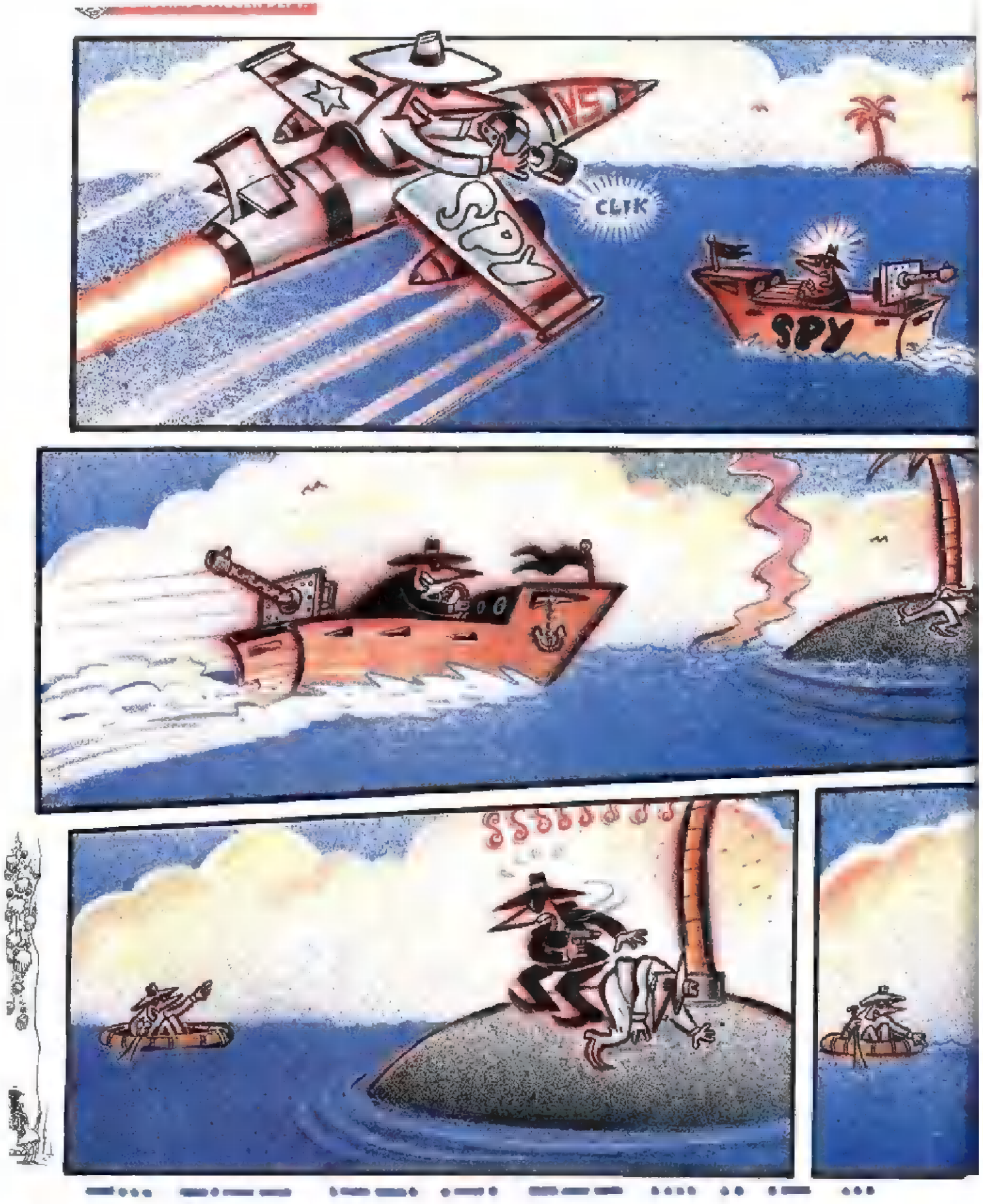

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ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

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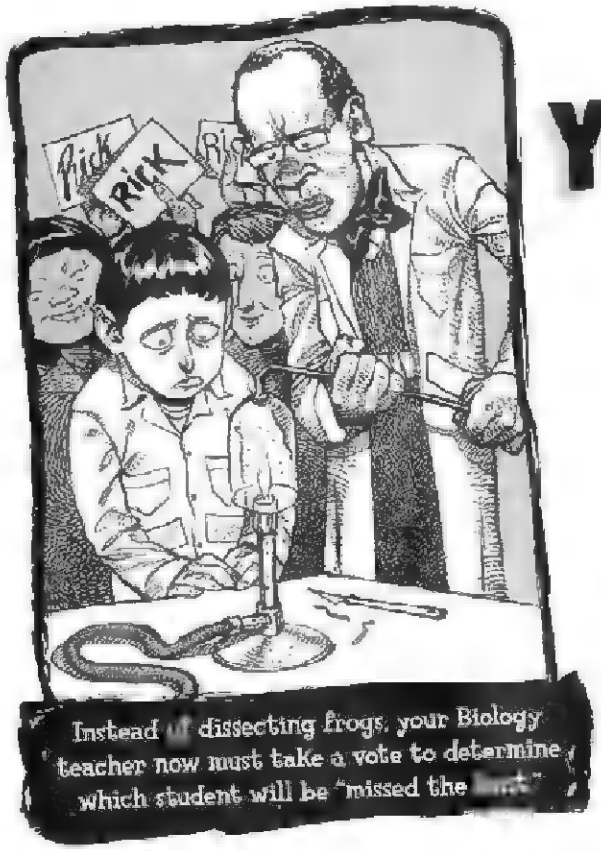
The U.S. economy is in the toilet and the national debt is rising faster than a Boston priest's blood pressure at altar boy practice. Needless to say, the economic downturn means less money for federally and state funded educational programs, so you'd better be on the lookout, Bunky, for these...

SURE SIGNS THAT YOUR SCHOOL IS UNDER-FUNDED


Rick
RICK
Ric
Instead of dissecting frogs, your Biology teacher now must take a vote to determine which student will be "missed the [illegible]"

FFFTT!
RRAURT!
BPFFTT!
BRAAPP!
BURRP!
With no money for new instruments, music class has devolved into a series of giddy armpit farts and operatic belching contests.

38 ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: JACOB LAMBERT

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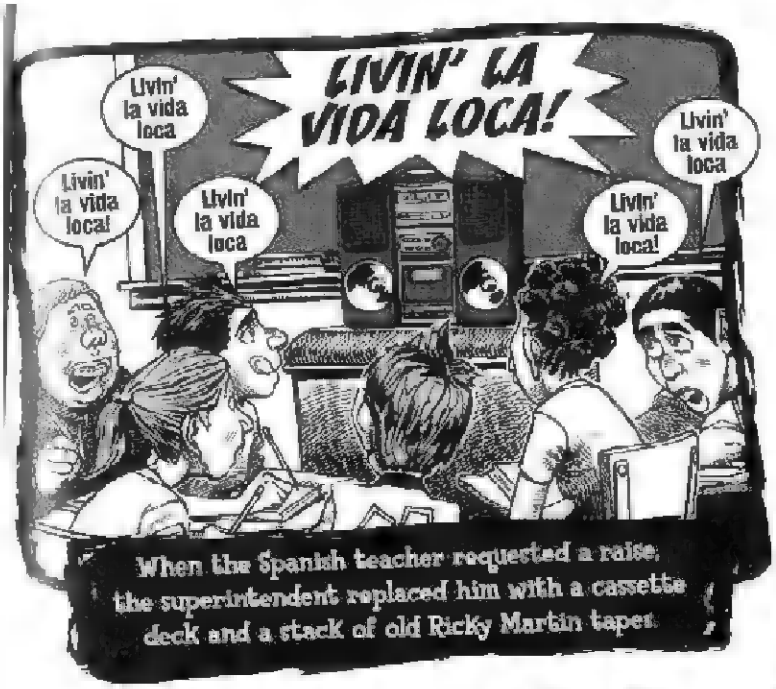
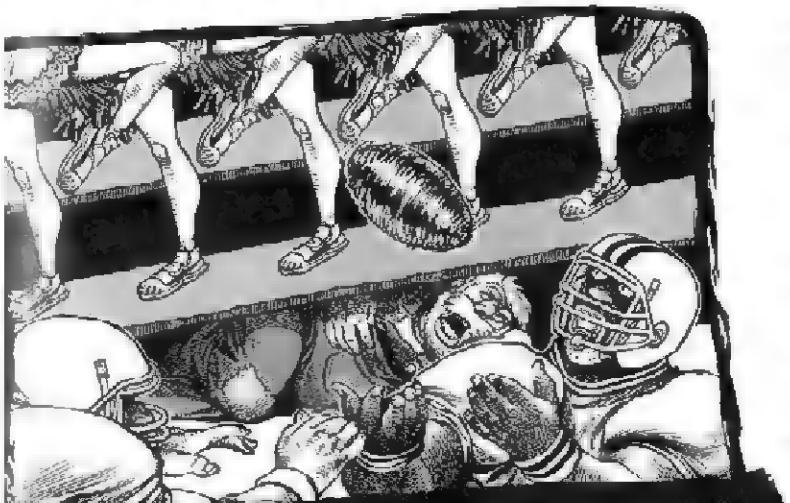


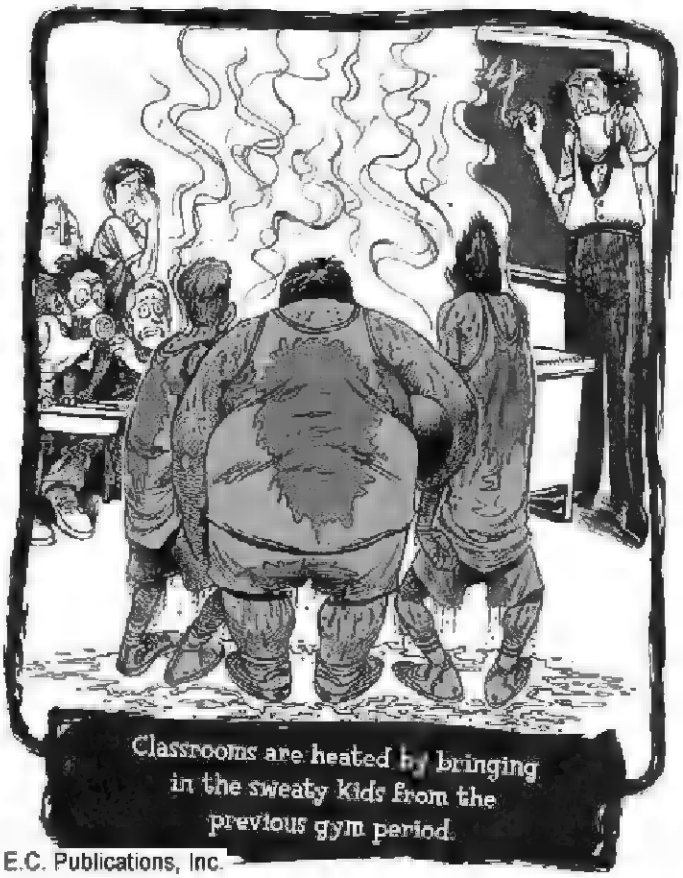
When the Spanish teacher requested a raise, the superintendent replaced him with a cassette deck and a stack of old Ricky Martin tapes.

Instead of formal Sex Education, students are encouraged to use the peephole in the janitor's closet to watch the Vice Principal and the cafeteria lady.

Hall monitors are put on special alert for collection agents.



With no funds available for a costume, your team mascot is changed to "Jerry, The Laid-Off Janitor Who Sleeps Under The Bleachers."



Classrooms are heated by bringing in the sweaty kids from the previous gym period.

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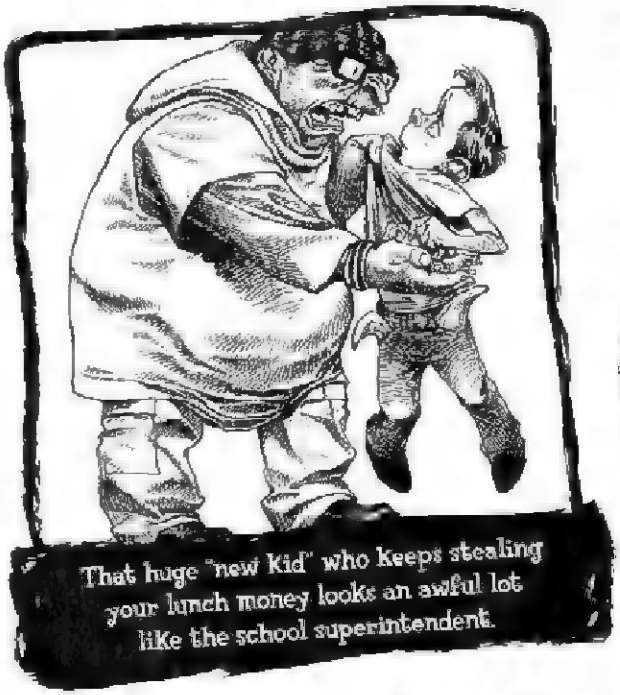
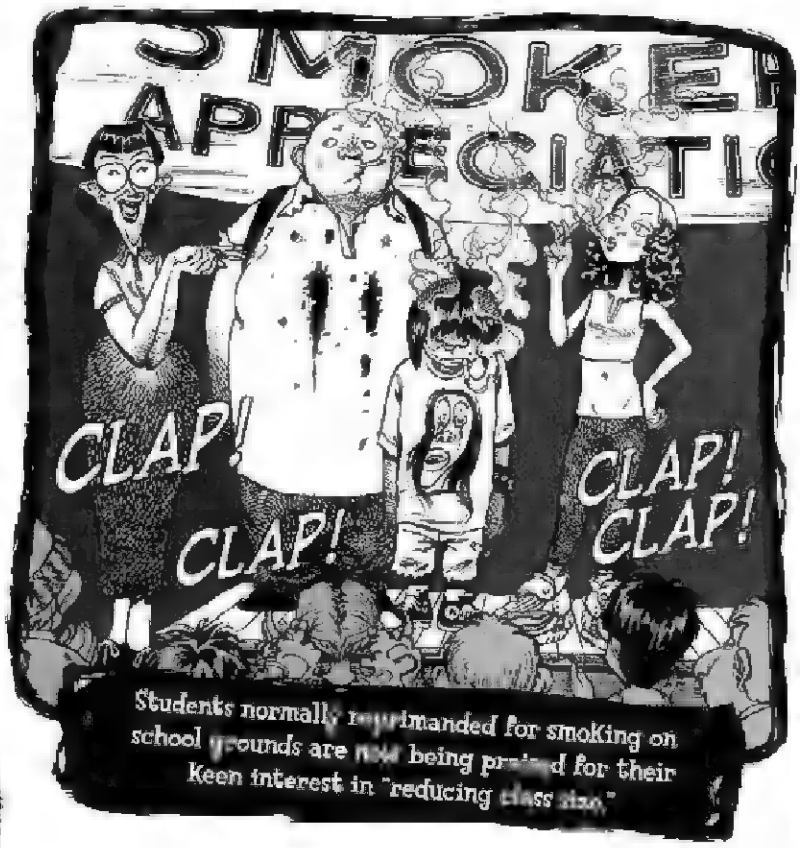
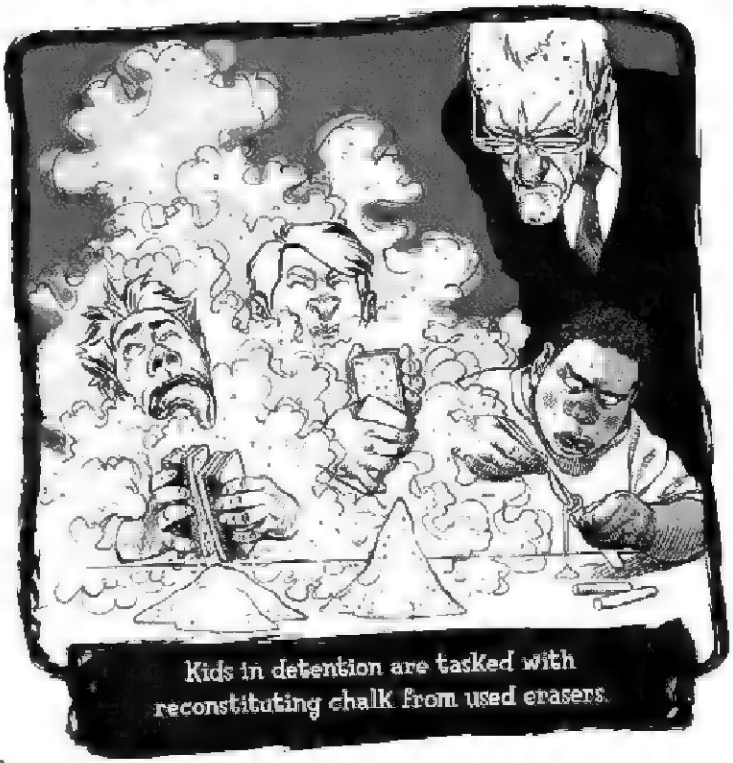
SURE SIGNS THAT YOUR SCHOOL IS UNDER-FUNDED



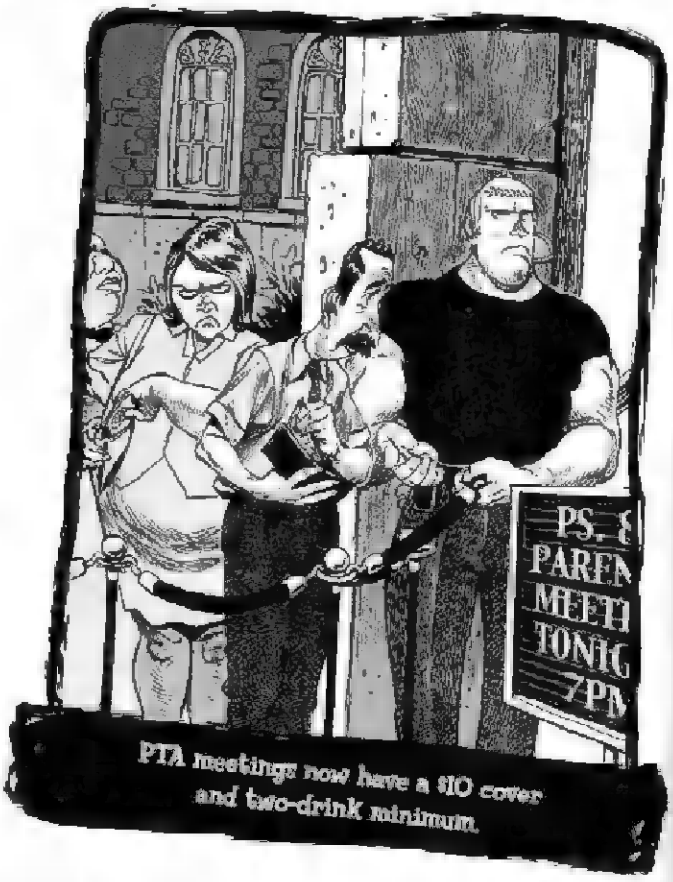
That huge "new kid" who keeps stealing your lunch money looks an awful lot like the school superintendent.



Students normally reprimanded for smoking on school grounds are now being praised for their keen interest in "reducing class size."



Kids in detention are tasked with reconstituting chalk from used erasers.



PTA meetings now have a $10 cover and two-drink minimum.

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GOTHAM CITY HAS A NEW CONQUERER

Beyond madness, beyond evil,
and a master of the deadly arts of war,
the mastermind Sin Tzu is driven by a lone desire - *to conquer.*

Sin Tzu designed by comics legend Jim Lee

DESIGNED BY COMICS LEGEND JIM LEE:
Sin Tzu, cunning master of strategy and martial arts, makes history as the first *Batman* character to debut in a videogame.

2-PLAYER COOPERATIVE GAMEPLAY:
Play solo or recruit a friend to defend *Gotham City* from the new crime evil.

4 PLAYABLE CHARACTERS: Play as *Batman, Robin, Batgirl,* or *Nightwing.*

GAME STORY BY PAUL DINI

BATMAN RISE OF SIN TZU™

T Violence

PlayStation 2 XBOX GAMEBOY ADVANCE

Ubi Soft

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CANNED OPENERS DEPT.

ABSOLUTE LATEST, UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

Attention, horny young Americans! Are you still using such stale, old-fashioned pick-up lines as *"What's your sign?" "My place or yours?"* or *"If I said you had a great body, would you hold it against me?"* If so, then it's time to say goodbye to 1975 and hello to the brave, new *21st Century World of Dating* with this fresh batch of MAD's...

BEER
CELEBRATED ON POSTERS FOR LOSERS SINCE 8000 B.C.
Ever done it on a Segway scooter?
I'm like the bombing of Baghdad, because all night long I inspire shock and awe!
Either my BlackBerry Pager is set on "vibrate" or I'm excited to meet you!
My Sims character has a Ferrari and a beach house in Malibu!
Not to brag, but I actually benefitted from one of Bush's tax cuts!
Your name must be "SARS" 'cause you take my breath away and make me all woozy!
Call me "Dick Cheney" — 'cause you're making my heart skip a beat!
They got Uday and Qusay, but I'm the third brother — "Whaddaya say?"
THIS SPACE FOR RENT

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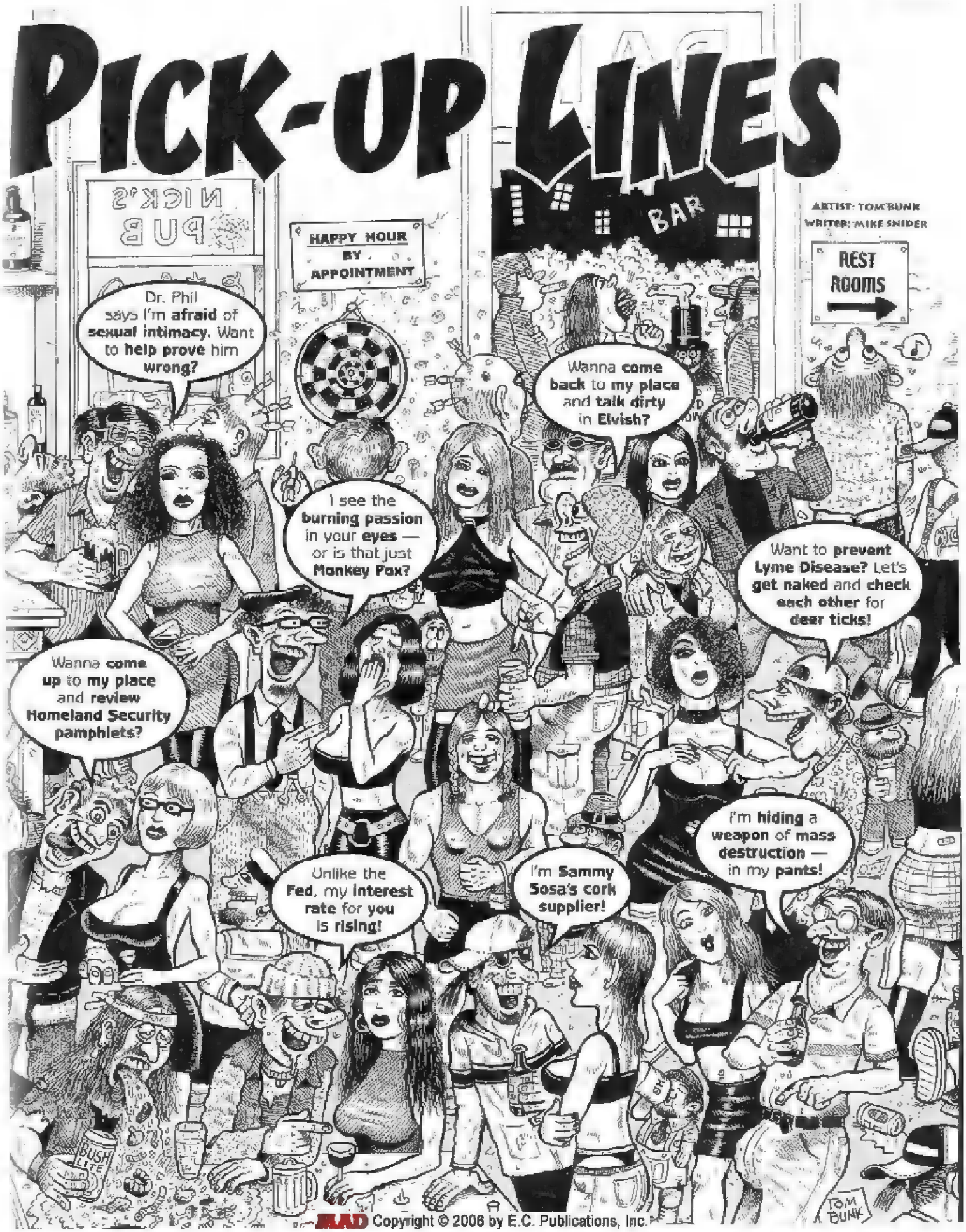
PICK-UP LINES
ARTIST: TOM BUNK
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER
BAR
HAPPY HOUR BY APPOINTMENT
REST ROOMS
Dr. Phil says I'm afraid of sexual intimacy. Want to help prove him wrong?
Wanna come back to my place and talk dirty in Elvish?
I see the burning passion in your eyes — or is that just Monkey Pox?
Want to prevent Lyme Disease? Let's get naked and check each other for deer ticks!
Wanna come up to my place and review Homeland Security pamphlets?
I'm hiding a weapon of mass destruction — in my pants!
Unlike the Fed, my interest rate for you is rising!
I'm Sammy Sosa's cork supplier!
BUSH LITE
TOM BUNK
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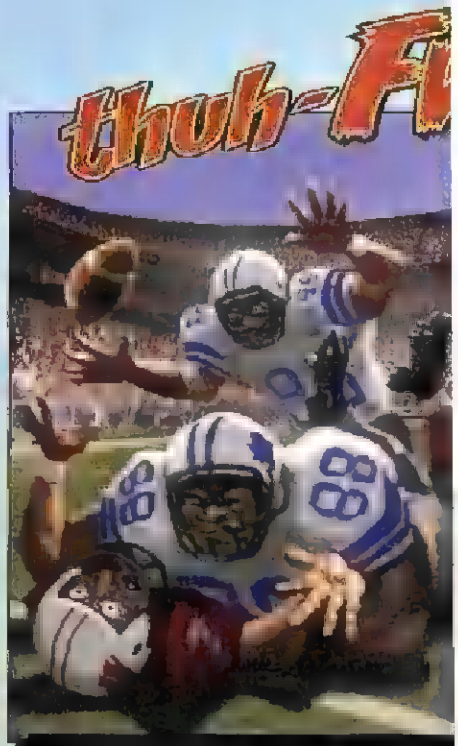
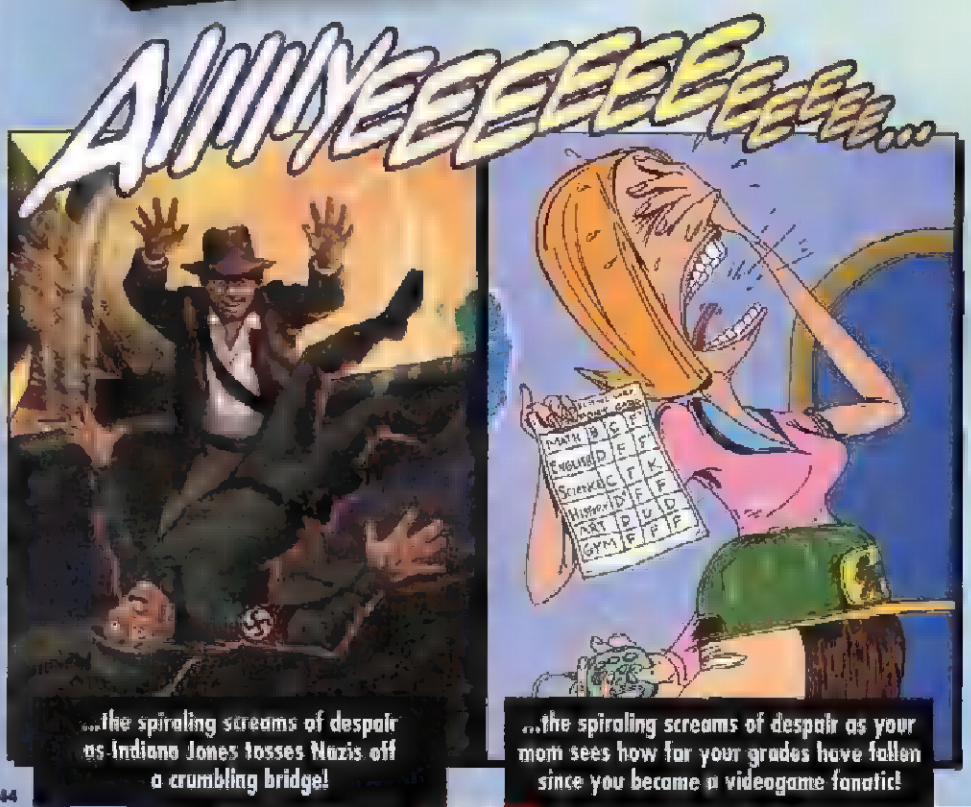
NOISE WILL BE NOISE DEPT.

It's been a while since sound effects for video games merely consisted of a few variations of beeps. Today, game technology provides us with rich, hi-fidelity, polyphonic, layered, multi-tonal audio experiences. We now know how it sounds when a zombie's head explodes...but hey, isn't that the same sound as when you accidentally step in the Sara Lee fudge cake you left next to the sofa? How many other times have you heard a sound from your video game and felt you've heard it somewhere before? So many times that we've collected them in...

THE ON-SCREEN/OFF-SCREEN VIDEOGAME SOUND EFFECTS COMPARISON GUIDE



...a brain-rattling tackle in "Madden NFL"!



...the spiraling screams of despair as Indiana Jones tosses Nazis off a crumbling bridge!

...the spiraling screams of despair as your mom sees how far your grades have fallen since you became a videogame fanatic!

...the sound of a "Turok Evolution" dinosaur munching his latest unlucky victim!

ARTISTS: SCOTT BRICHER AND KEVIN POPE

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AKKK!
...Aunt Granny getting her brain rattled after tripping over all your stupid game cables sprawled across the floor!
D'OH!
...Homer's woeful realization he'll never achieve that double whammy ollie in "Simpsons Skateboarding"!
...your woeful realization that, thanks to living the gamer's lifestyle, you've officially become the fat comic book guy from The Simpsons!
HARK! CRIK!
KLE! POK!
...the sound of your carpal-tunneled fingers, thanks to those stupid overly-complicated controllers!
FWWPSP-FPP-FPPPP!
...the sound of squeezing a few rounds
ATARI
...the sound of your sphincter clenching after 49 straight hours of gameplay without a bathroom break!

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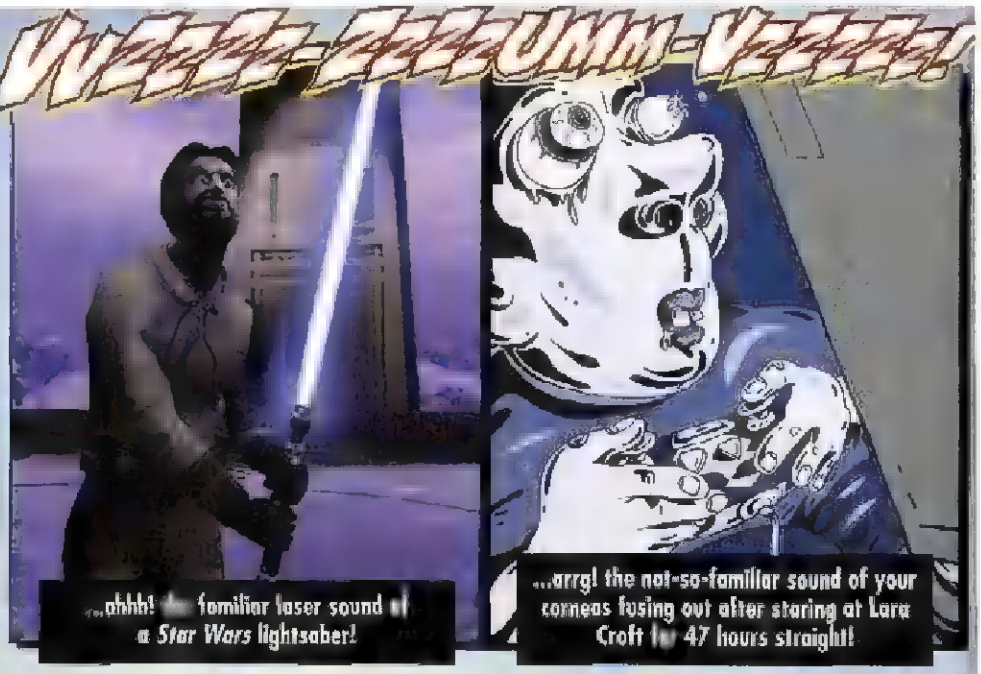
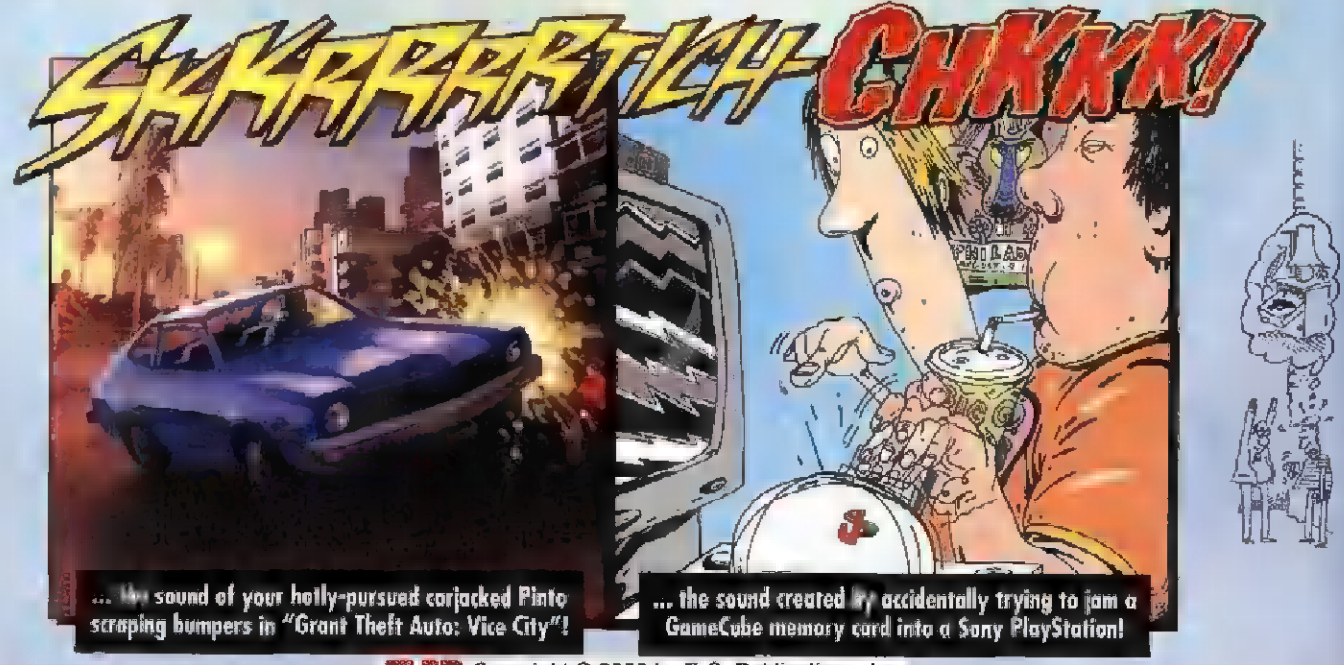
THE ON-SCREEN/OFF-SCREEN VIDEOGAME SOUND EFFECTS COMPARISON GUIDE


VVZZZZ-ZZZUMM-VZZZZ!
...ahhh! the familiar laser sound of a Star Wars lightsaber!
...arrg! the not-so-familiar sound of your corneas fusing out after staring at Lara Croft for 47 hours straight!

SPREECH-KA-KAACK-CRACCK!
...the sound of "The Thing" sprouting leg-first out of a poor victim!
...a gamer spiraling headfirst into the pavement trying to do "mastered" "Tony Hawk" game-combos in real life!


SKKRRRRTCH-CHKKK!
... the sound of your hotly-pursued carjacked Pinto scraping bumpers in "Grand Theft Auto: Vice City"!
... the sound created by accidentally trying to jam a GameCube memory card into a Sony PlayStation!

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SHIFT INTO SOMETHING MORE LETHAL
MIDWAY
"With huge levels, branching paths and different styles of gameplay, this isn't a half-assed sequel. It's a tricked-out and expanded new chapter of a burgeoning series."
-IGN
SPY HUNTER 2
THE HUNT BEGINS AGAIN
The hunt begins at spyhunter2.midway.com
Coming November 21, 2006
PlayStation 2
XBOX
RP
Visit www.esrb.org or call 1-800-771-3772 for Rating Information.
ESRB

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SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONÉS PRESENTS A MAD LOOK

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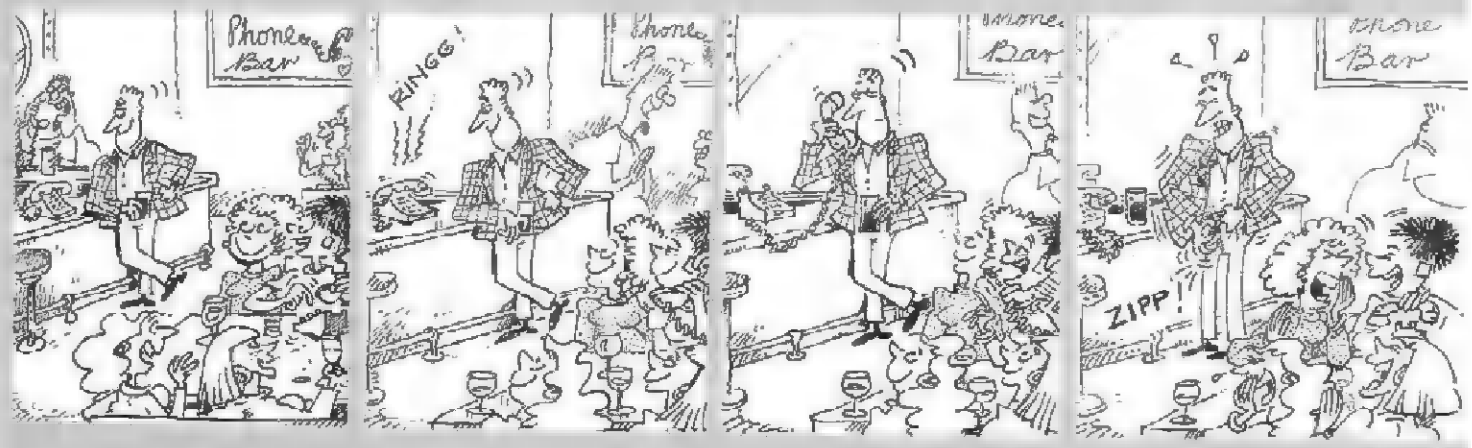
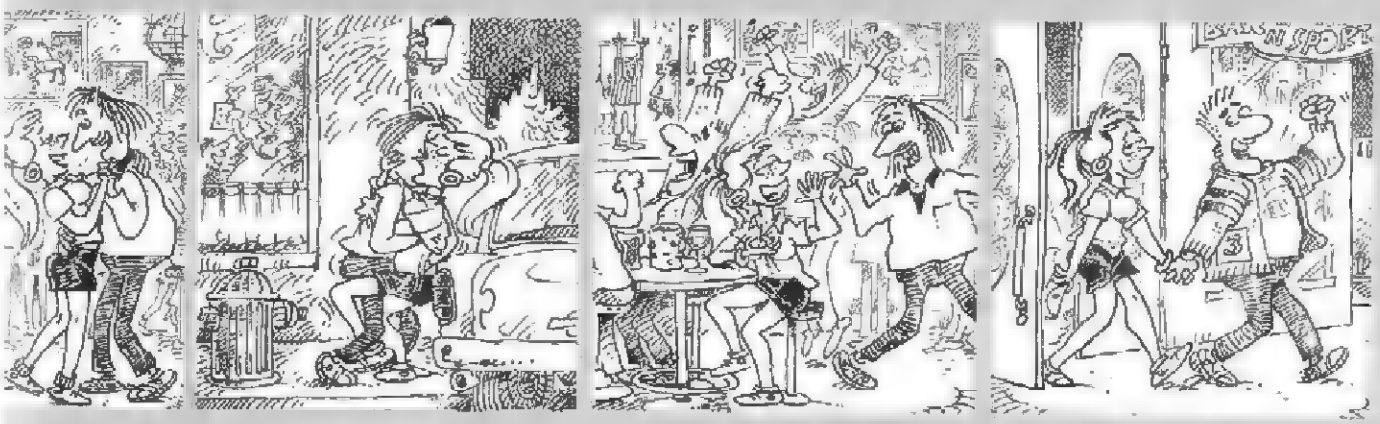
AT BARS





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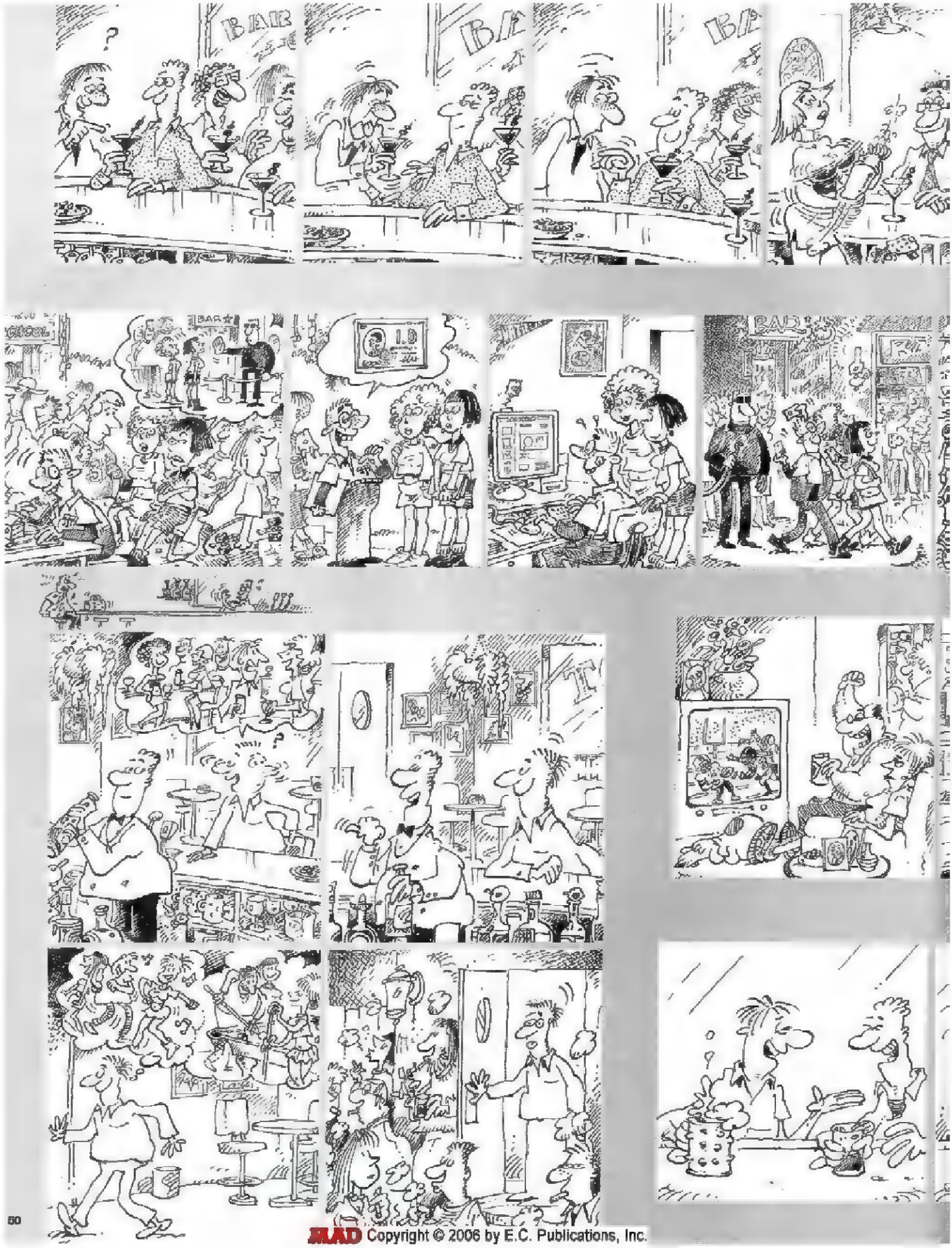

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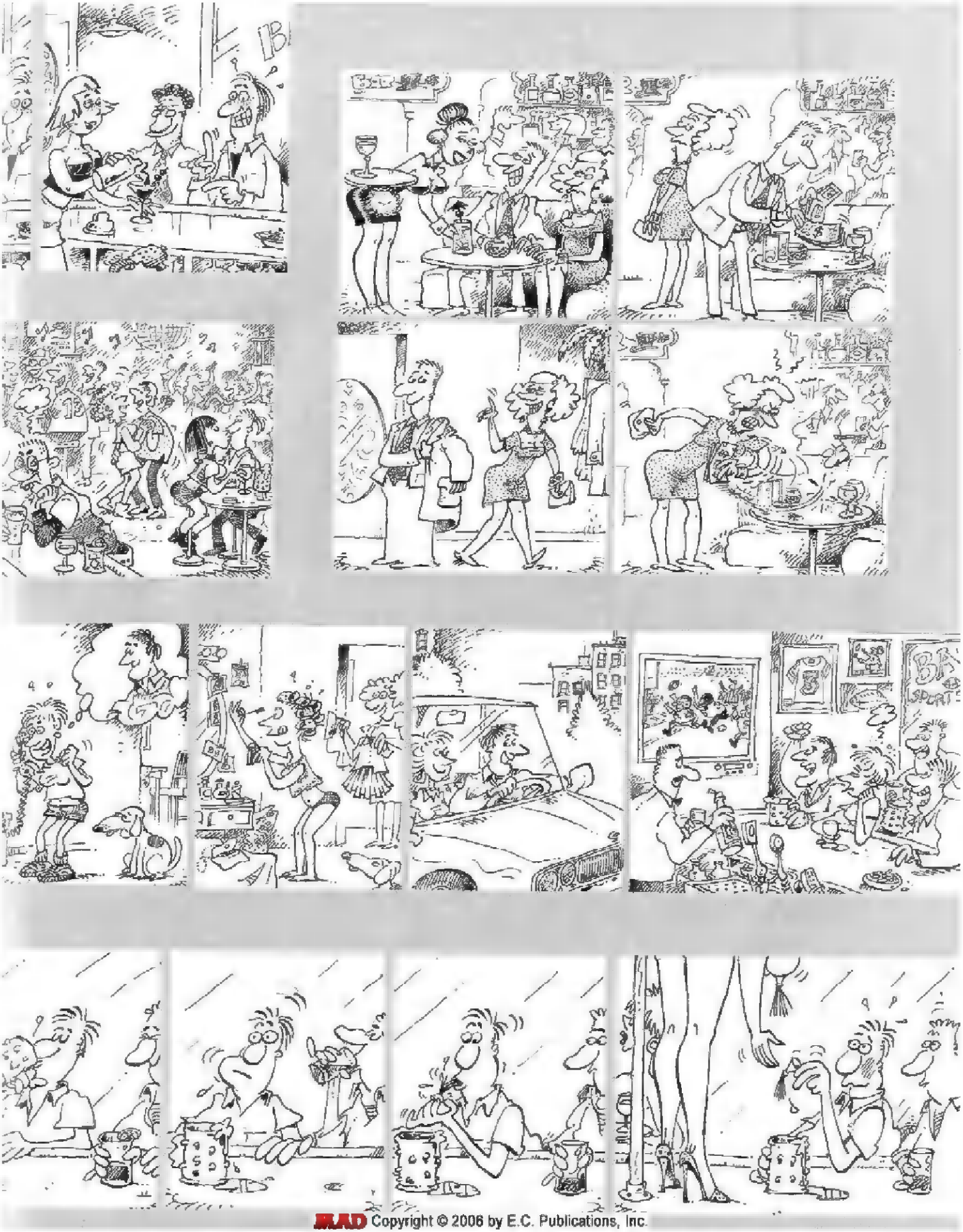

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AMERICA Online

AN URGENT WARNING FOR ALL INTERNET USERS FROM AOL

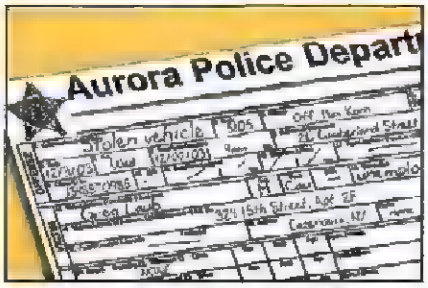
The WormPlaster v.32 is the latest threat sweeping computers worldwide and beyond! It can find its way into your computer when you download an infected file, open an infected e-mail, or unknowingly click the "yes" button on the pop-up ad that says: "Install WormPlaster Virus Now."

Often, as it migrates from computer to computer, the virus changes its name to a file that any unsuspecting person would normally open, such as "Hi from mom," "You're invited to a party" or "Madonna and Britney go to second base — exclusive pix."

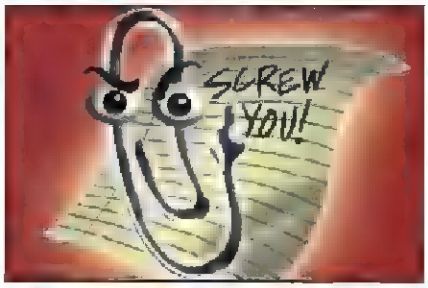
The WormPlaster v.32 exploits a flaw in Windows NT 4.0, Windows 2000, Windows XP, Windows 98 and Windows 95. In addition, it is such a powerful virus it has already sabotaged Windows 2008 and Windows 2010, even though not one line of code has been written yet for either one of those operating systems. It's even infected certain bottles of Windex!

As of today, the WormPlaster v.32 has infected over a million computers, according to industry watchdog PWCICOAOPWC (People With Computers In Charge Of Alarming Other People With Computers).

ACCORDING TO THE PWCICOAOPWC ALERT, THIS IS WHAT THE VIRUS CAN DO:



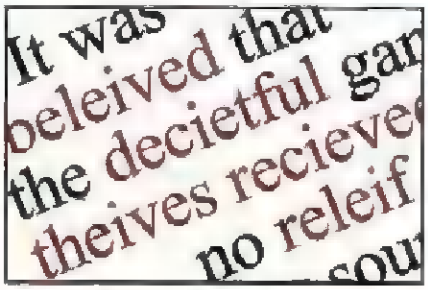
1. After searching your hard drive for personal information, it reports your car as stolen to the police. If you don't own a car, it buys one in your name, and *then* reports it as stolen!



2. Gives usually helpful icon "Clippit" a determined, belligerent attitude.

3. Falsely lists you in the bridal registry at Bloomingdale's, Marshall Field's, Neiman Marcus and Hammacher Schlemmer. It then creates and sends out wedding invitations to everyone in your address book.

4. Selects "Buy Now" option for any and all *Dickie Roberts: Former Child Star* merchandise for sale on eBay.



5. Attacks Microsoft Word documents and puts the "i" before the "e" in words where it shouldn't, like "receive."

6. Automatically sets your homepage to www.naked&ninety.com.

WHAT CAN YOU DO TO PROTECT YOURSELF FROM WORMPLASTER V.32?

1. Since hackers try to make infected email look like it's from a friend or family member, DO NOT open any e-mail that appears to be from those people. Only open email from "CyberStryker" or "Jgsmvlgitfsg" or someone else you've never heard of before.
2. Do not download any attachments that look suspicious.
3. Do not download any attachments that DON'T look suspicious. They're an even bigger risk!
4. Shut off your modem and disconnect your broadband connection when you use your computer. When you turn on your modem and reconnect your broadband connection, it is essential that you shut off the computer! Never have both on at the same time!
5. You can protect yourself against the WormPlaster v.32 by downloading patch 8765-CGW-765 from the Microsoft website. However, since we have been advising you against downloading anything, we suggest you call Tech Support, copy down the code for the patch and type it in yourself. The patch requires 12,876 lines of code, so have a pencil, sharpener and plenty of paper handy when you call!

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

A MAD PUBLIC DISSERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT
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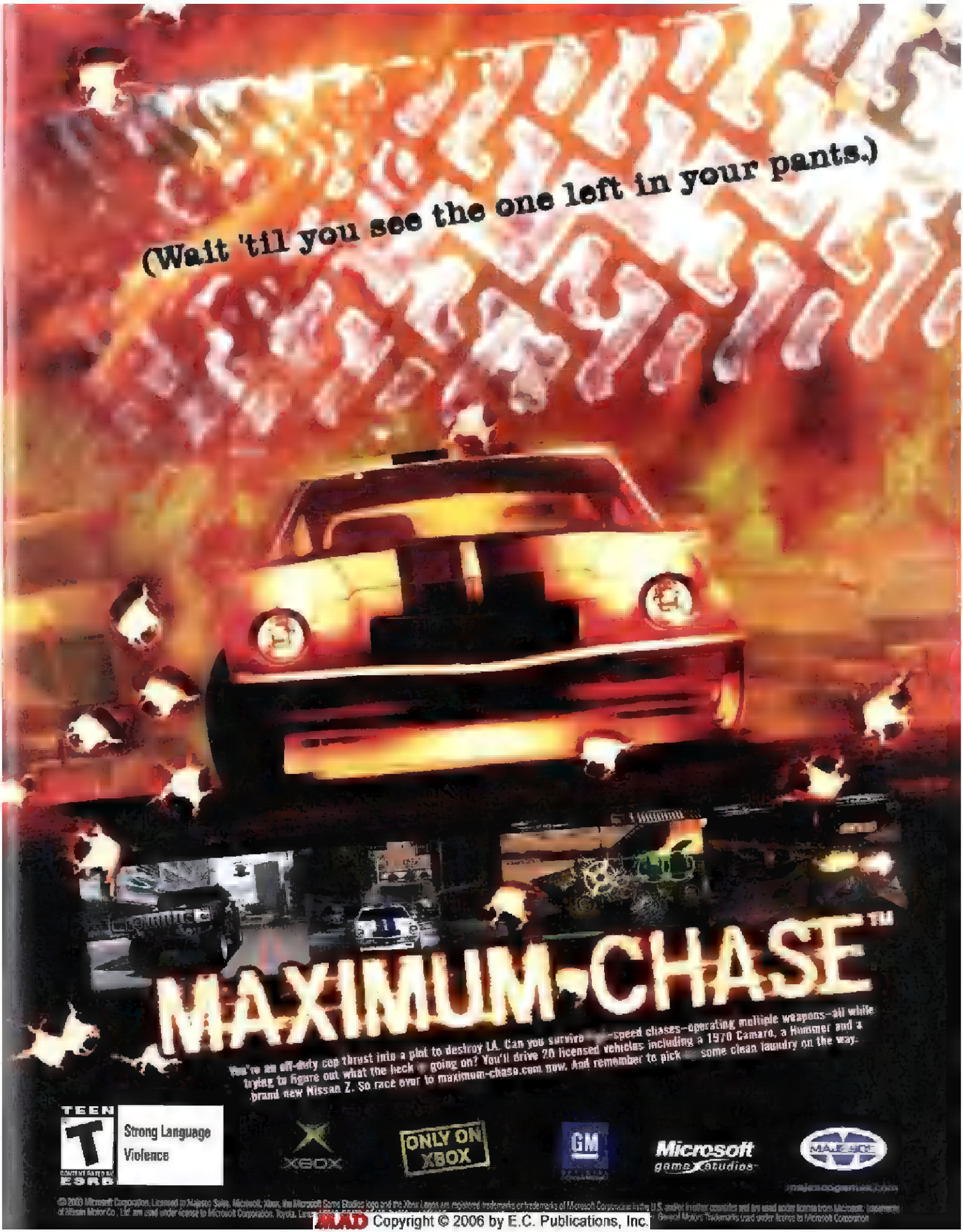
(Wait 'til you see the one left in your pants.)
MAXIMUM-CHASE™
You're an off-duty cop thrust into a plot to destroy LA. Can you survive [illegible]-speed chases–operating multiple weapons–all while trying to figure out what the heck is going on? You'll drive 20 licensed vehicles including a 1970 Camaro, a Hummer and a brand new Nissan Z. So race over to maximum-chase.com now. And remember to pick [illegible] some clean laundry on the way.
TEEN
T
Strong Language
Violence
ESRB
XBOX
ONLY ON XBOX
GM
Microsoft game studios
MAJESCO
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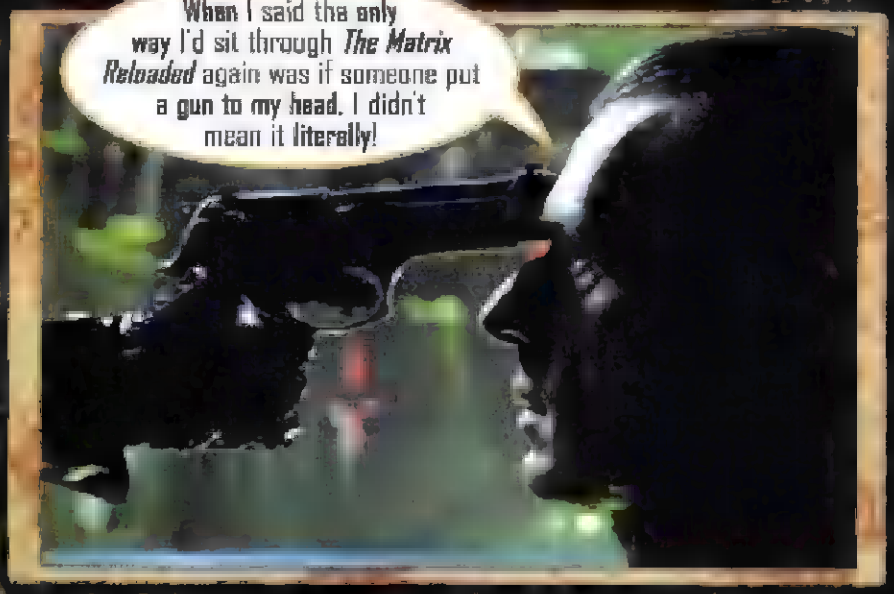
KEANU HEAR ME NOW? DEPT.

MAD's UNREAL OUTTAKES FROM THE MATRIX REVOLUTIONS


When I said the only way I'd sit through *The Matrix Reloaded* again was if someone put a gun to my head, I didn't mean it literally!

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Keanu, will you please stop trying to pull the old "drop your change so you can look up Monica Bellucci's skirt" trick?!
Why yes, Mr Andersnn. I do also like piña coladas and making love at midnight!
Every time I pull up on these controls, they totally crush my 'nads!
Man, I hate this new Segway design!
WRITER: GREG LEITMAN
Hmmm...throngs of heartless white men dressed in fancy suits — is it time for the Republican National Convention already?!
Let's settle this once and for all! Rock, paper, scissors — loser has to tell that bloated lardass Fishburne to lay off the pudding at the craft service table!
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You've won this round, but I'll catch you yet, Kool-Aid Man!
Okay, I'll be Kirsten Dunst and you be Spider-Man — now kiss me!
First the Oracle lied to me about being "The One," and now she tells me I won't need an umbrella!
Since Agent Smith's clones are technically each separate characters, I'm getting paid the Screen Actor's Guild minimum for every single one of them! Ah-ha-ha-ha!

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For centuries, the Japanese have been practicing the fine art of Origami — ever since the fateful day when the great scholar Sun Le-Tsao put his used gum in its wrapper and inadvertently created a perfect miniature of the Nanzenji Temple. (Although some historians complain that the temple's northernmost steeple was poorly rendered.)

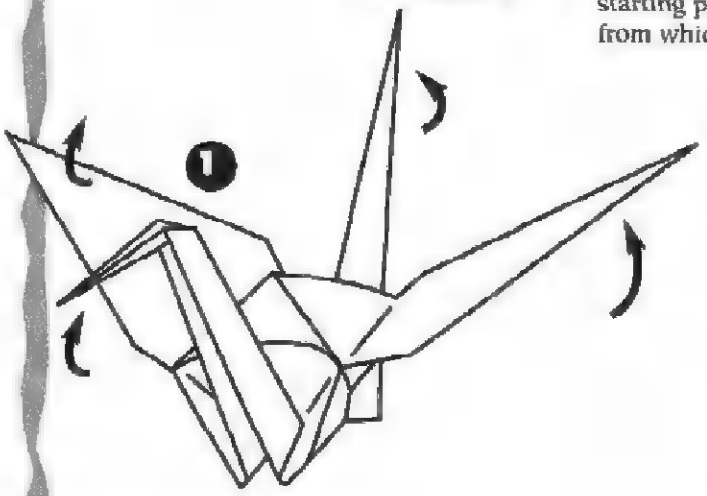
However, for nearly as long as there has been Origami, there has been the lesser-known paper-based art of Norigami. Picking up where Origami leaves off, it is the "yin" to Origami's "yang."

Through its subtle, ancient practices, you can take a beautifully-crafted sculpture — a swan, a crane, even a wren! — and fashion it into a sublime, yet *functional* work of art.

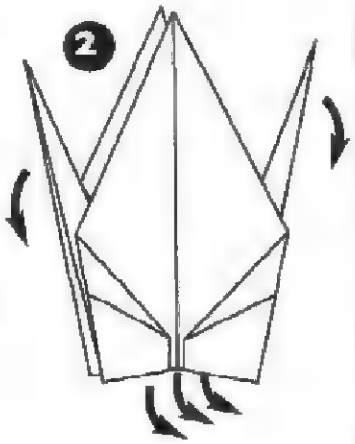
NORIGAMI

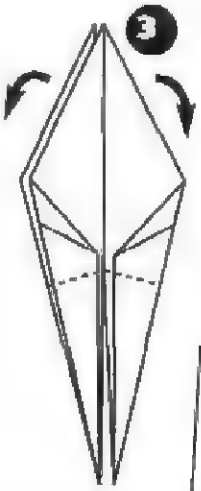
THE ANCIENT JAPANESE ART OF PAPER UNFOLDING

THE CRANE: Examine the crane in full figure — this is the starting point of Norigami. It is the blank canvas from which your Norigamic project will be born.

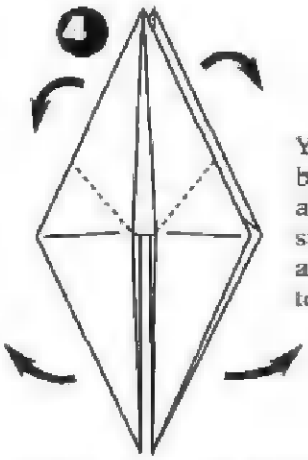


Push the head and tail up slightly and then take hold of the two wings. Push them gently toward the center to fold in the body. Suck through the hole at the bottom — stop once the body is fully deflated. Then, flatten the wings with a pencil (NEVER use a pen — that's just begging for trouble).

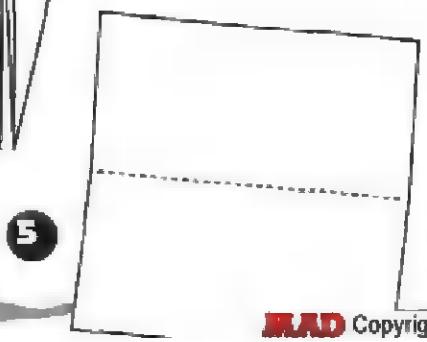




Next, manipulate the head. Unfold the two creases shown, taking the points down between the wings.



You are now left with the bird base, the foundation of all Norigami. From here, it's simply a matter of unfolding along the remaining creases to render. .



A beautiful, hand-crafted paper square — suitable for writing phone messages, grocery lists or tic-tac-toe grids. And ideal for creating new Origami projects — behold the circle of life. (Are you *truly* beholding it? Many say they are, but are only just staring at it.)

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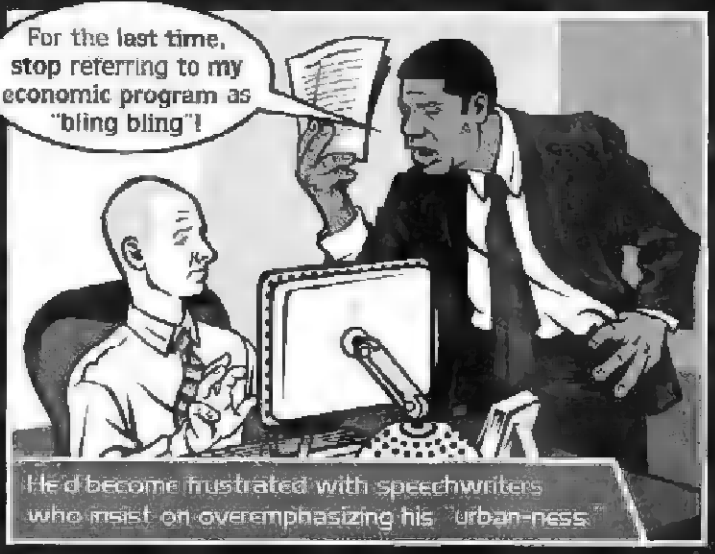
SNIDE AND PREJUDICE DEPT.

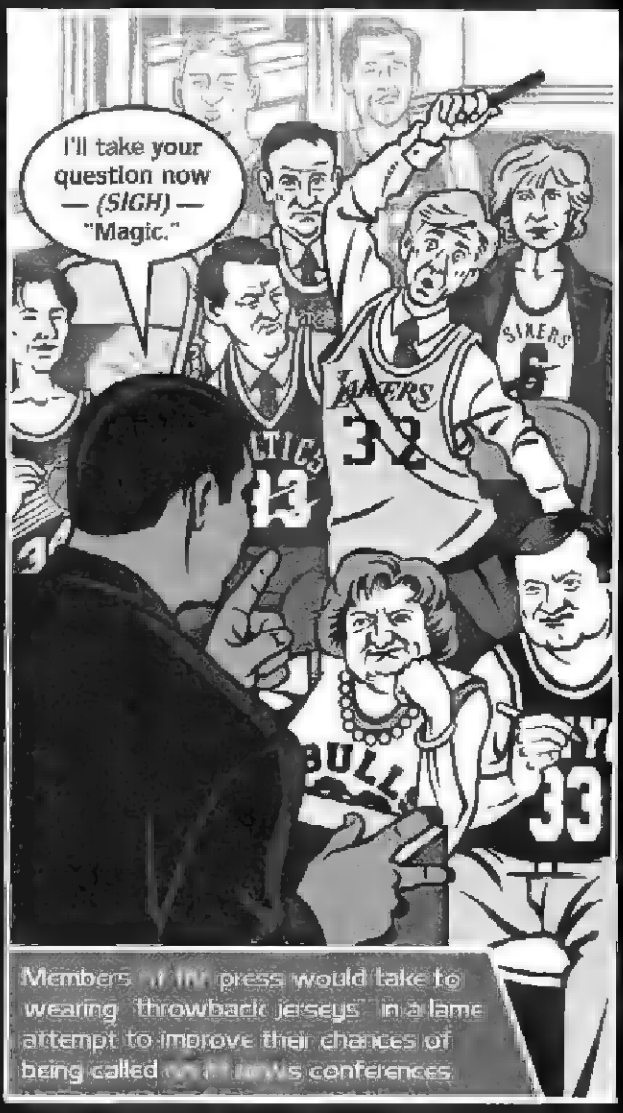
24's David Palmer is clearly a fictional president. He's got charisma, integrity, ideals — and, oh yeah, he's black. Didn't notice? Well, don't feel too bad, none of the characters on the show seem to have picked up on it either! Whether this glaring oversight is a concession to political correctness or just lazy writing is impossible to say, but one thing's for sure: the show would be drastically different...

IF 24 *REALLY* DEPICTED

What Life Would Be Like For

AMERICA'S FIRST BLACK PRESIDENT


For the last time, stop referring to my economic program as "bling bling"!
He'd become frustrated with speechwriters who insist on overemphasizing his "urban-ness."


I'll take your question now — (SIGH) — "Magic."
Members of the press would take to wearing throwback jerseys in a lame attempt to improve their chances of being called on at news conferences.

Mr. President, I believe that your health care proposal is short-sighted and, by the way, some of my best friends are black!
Pundits with guilty consciences would be extra diplomatic when criticizing him.

ARTIST: TIMOTHY SHAMEY WRITER: MIKE MIKULA

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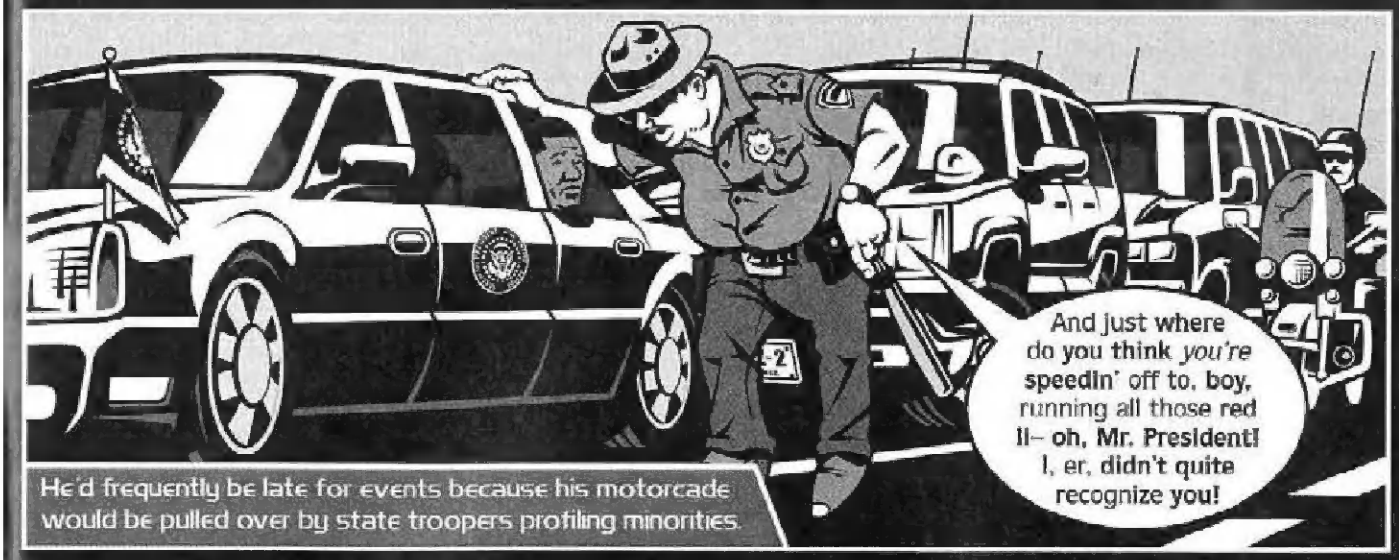
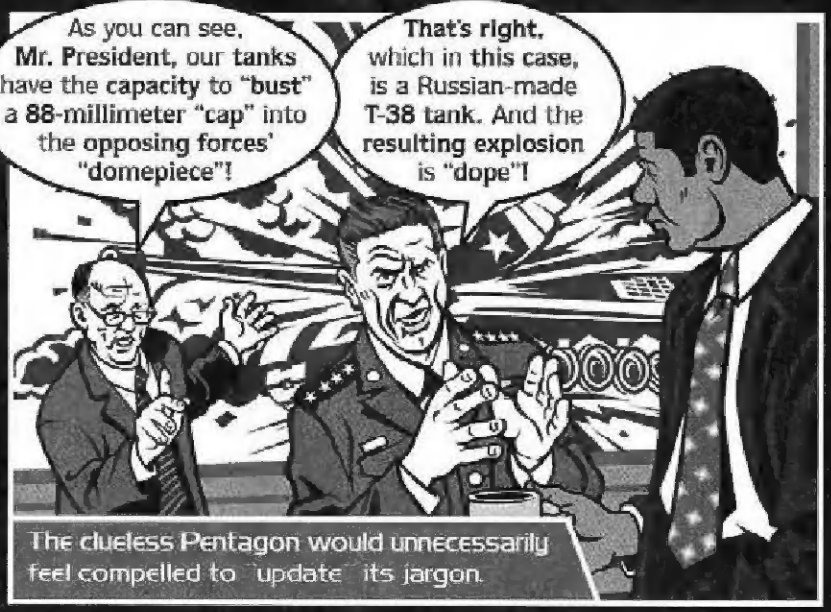
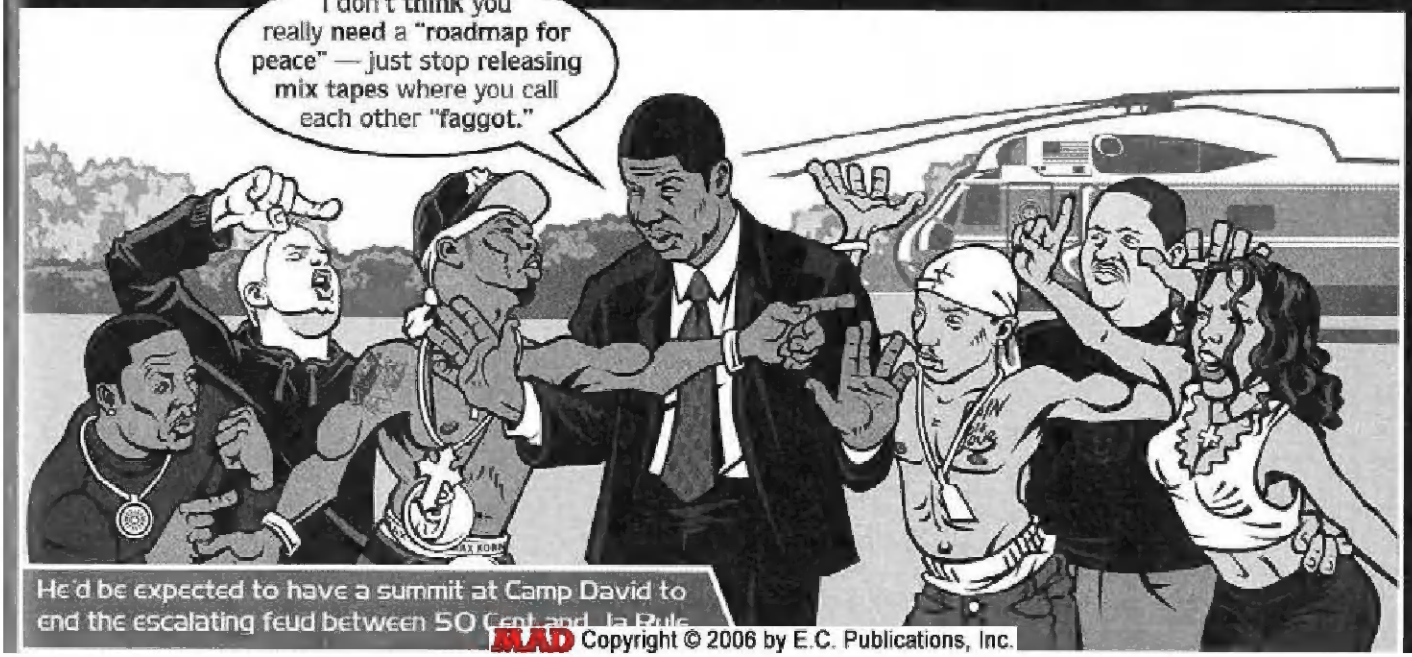

And just where do you think *you're* speedin' off to, boy, running all those red li– oh, Mr. President! I, er, didn't quite recognize you!

He'd frequently be late for events because his motorcade would be pulled over by state troopers profiling minorities.

He'd be under tremendous pressure to give Jesse Jackson his first actual job.


As you can see, Mr. President, our tanks have the capacity to "bust" a 88-millimeter "cap" into the opposing forces' "domepiece"!
That's right, which in this case, is a Russian-made T-38 tank. And the resulting explosion is "dope"!

The clueless Pentagon would unnecessarily feel compelled to "update" its jargon.



He'd be expected to have a summit at Camp David to end the escalating feud between 50 Cent and Ja Rule.

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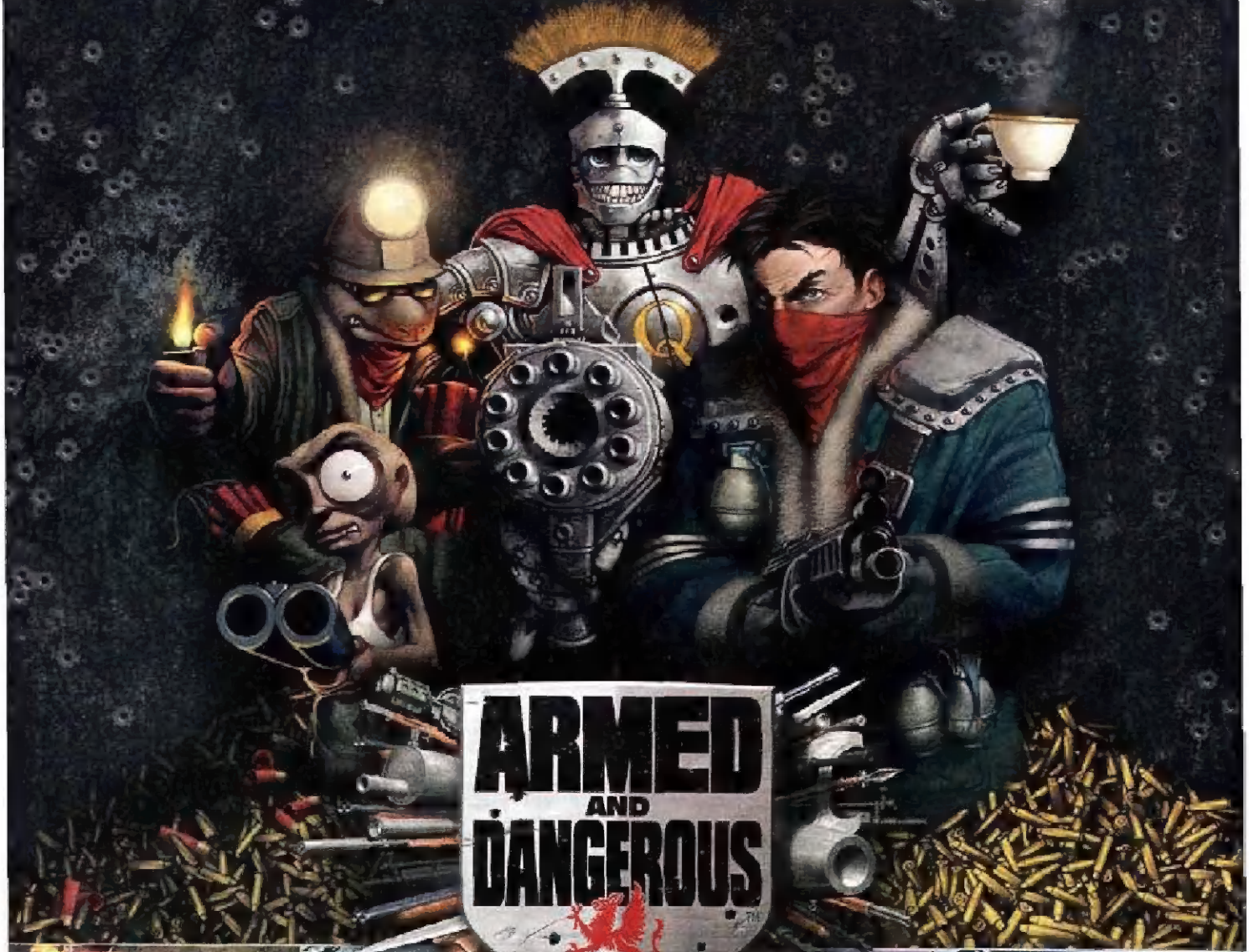
THERE'S NO KILL LIKE OVERKILL.



Meet the Lionhearts. A smack-talking rag-tag band of rebels bound on an impossible quest. With an arsenal of outrageous weapons, they're destined for victory in 12,000 bullets or less. If they can make it through an army of psychotic robots and wall-smashing Goliaths, they just might save the world...if they don't burn it down first.

RATING PENDING
RP
ESRB
Visit www.esrb.org or call 1-800-771-3772 for more ratings information.

XBOX

PC CD-ROM SOFTWARE

armed.lucasarts.com

LUCAS Arts

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WHAT HAS TURNED OUT TO BE THIS YEAR'S BIGGEST WORK OF FICTION?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every once in a while a work of fiction rises like a phoenix and casts a spell over all who encounter it. And so it was this year. One piece soared above all others and took people's breath away with its creativity and fancy. To find out what this stunning work of fiction is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

BUSINESS IN FICTION IS NOW TERRIFIC. A MONTH'S WORTH OF EFFORT CAN PAY OFF WITH STARTLING DIVIDENDS. AUDIENCES LOVE A TASTE OF THE UNUSUAL THAT FICTION PROVIDES. THIS SENSATION ADDS SPECIAL POWER TO WHOEVER TRIES TO IMPRESS US WITH THE BENEFITS OF THEIR KNOWLEDGE

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MACH SPEED
SLOW
ZOOM IN
HENSHIN-A-GO-GO-BABY!
"Viewtiful Joe is way cool. Don't miss out on this awesome experience."
-Electronic Gaming Monthly
capcom.com/v-joe
VIEWTIFUL JOE
AN AVERAGE JOE CAUGHT UP IN A CRAZY STUNT-FILLED ACTION MOVIE WORLD. WITH THE AID OF HIS HERO, CAPTAIN BLUE, JOE IS GRANTED POWERS WHICH TURN HIM INTO VIEWTIFUL JOE, THE MOST STYLISH SUPERHERO TO GRACE THE SILVER SCREEN.
TEEN
T
Cartoon Violence
Suggestive Themes
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
BRADYGAMES
Strategy Guide
AVAILABLE
NINTENDO GAMECUBE
CAPCOM
capcom.com/v-joe

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